HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XIII.—No. 655.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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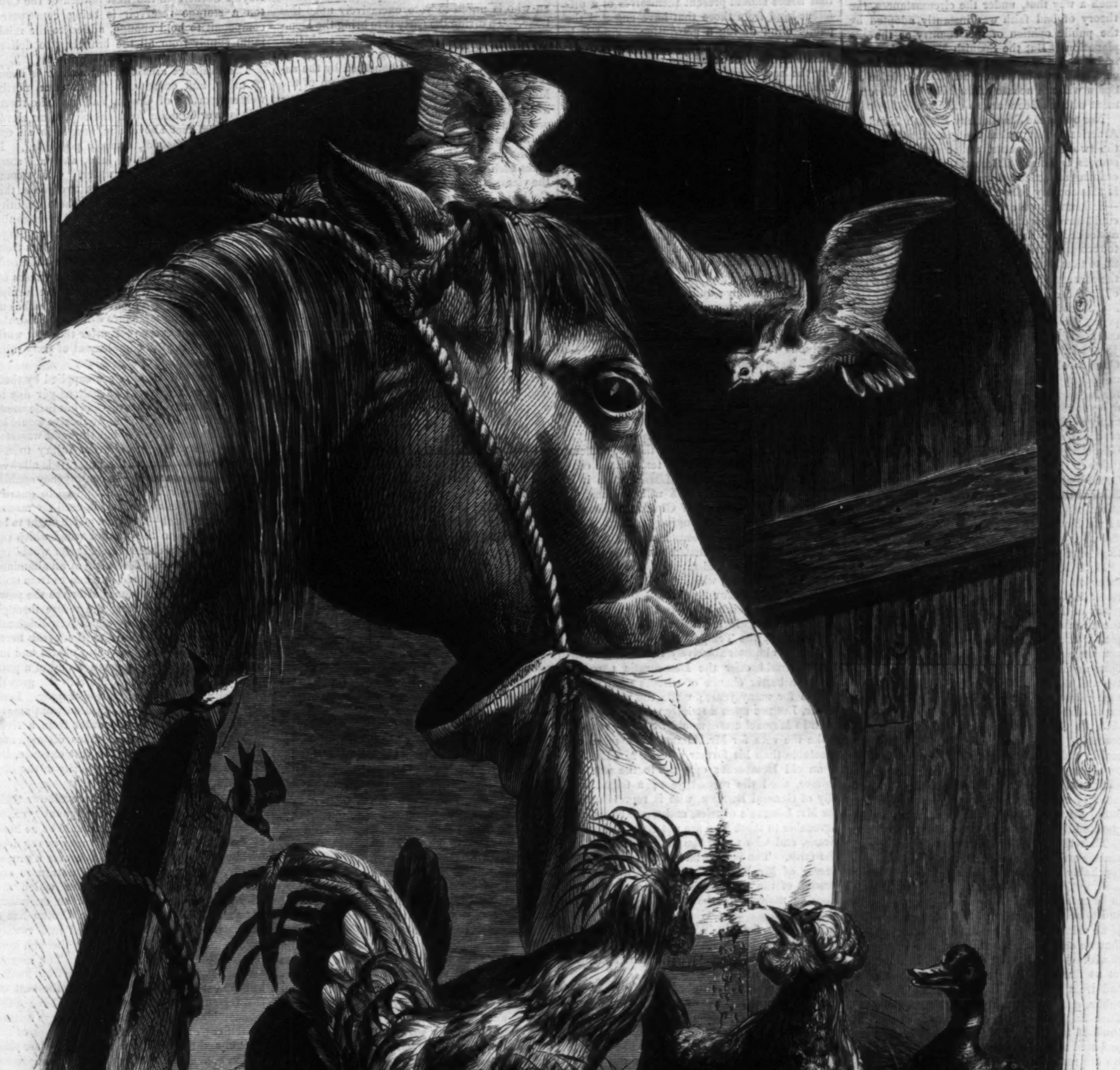


UNINVITED GUESTS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 17, 1869.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.

THE London *Star*, the paper of the most radical American sympathies in England, says that America stands in relation to Cuba exactly as England did in relation to the Southern Confederacy; and it insists that the departure of an armed expedition from New York against Spain is as flagrant a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States as the sailing of the *Alabama* from Liverpool against those of Great Britain. But the *Star* forgets that the United States authorities moved upon the first intimation of the Spanish representatives, and that their vigilance has been unrelaxing ever since. The British Government, on the contrary, was deaf to the most urgent warnings and requests of our Minister until it was too late—deaf in such a way that, under the circumstances, the theory of bad faith was instantly adopted by the public opinion of this country as the explanation. But the Spanish Minister is satisfied with the conduct of the officers of the United States at this port; and public opinion in Spain will not accuse of duplicity the Government whose officers are so efficient.

Nor ought the *Star* nor any English friend of America to forget that the general attitude of the two Governments, under similar circumstances, is entirely different. The British Government conceded belligerent rights to the rebels in this country before a battle had been fought —and, unless we are much mistaken, before it could have heard of the proclamation declaring a blockade of the Southern ports. This haste to recognize as a belligerent a party which was up to that moment merely insurrectionary, with the contemporary circumstances so fully revealed in the correspondence of Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams, and the vehement hostility of the press, showed an unfriendly spirit which is an essential element of all consideration of the subject. But the case of the United States and Cuba is wholly different. Public sympathy is undoubtedly with Cuba as an island striking for independence of a harsh, foreign rule; and there is very little doubt that the President and many of his Cabinet share this abstract approval of the Cuban revolution. Nevertheless, the Government has not yet conceded belligerent rights to the Cubans, although the struggle has lasted eight months, and the conduct of its officers at this port, which is the base of the operations of Cuban sympathy, is heartily approved, as we have stated, by the Spanish representatives. The circumstances of the two cases are thus, as the *Star* will see, materially different.

If, indeed, the *Star* can find any proof of the collusion of this Government with the insurgents in Cuba—if it can show that the sympathy of the President and of the Cabinet, and the natural good-wishes of the American people for every other people struggling for independence and popular government, lead to open acquiescence in flagrant defiance of the law and the authority of the United States, by such persons as usually compose a filibustering expedition—if, in a word, the *Star* can prove that the Government of the United States is censuring the British Government for lack of zeal in enforcing its neutrality laws, while it is conniving at the evasion of its own, then, we admit, the *Star* will justly convict this Government of conduct which would destroy all the moral force of its position upon the English question.

That the cause of Cuba may be noble and praiseworthy while that of the rebels was unspeakably mean and inhuman does not affect the question. Our own neutrality laws are not to be enforced against countries that we dislike and to be evaded in favor of those that we like. If we think that the cause of Cuba is so good that we ought to favor it, there is a way to do so without meanness or skulking. In that case let us frankly recognize Cuban independence and treat with what is called the Cuban Republic, and tell Spain that we take all the risk. Then England can not complain of our neutral conduct, for we shall have become a belligerent prepared for all the consequences. But until we are ready to take that position there is but one other course that we can honorably pursue, and that is to execute our laws vigorously. If we mean to treat such gentlemen as Captain Ryan and his two or three hundred recruits of various nationalities—ardent devotees of liberty and equal rights as of course they must be—as friends of humanity and justice and good order, let us frankly say so, and abandon the attempt to stop their departure. But if they are to be regarded as defying the law, let the authority of the Government continue to be asserted as it is by its officers at this port; and to make our position unmistakable to the world, let the Government, as in the days of Washington, and even of Polk and Fillmore, issue its proclamation of warning.

Thus far, indeed, with the exception of such a proclamation, the conduct of the officers of the Government in regard to Cuba has maintained the ancient renown of the United States. The authorities have executed the laws—laws made not for oppression, like the Fugitive Slave Law, but for the general welfare, and to prevent one war being the occasion of a general struggle. Meanwhile if the prompt execution of the laws seriously threaten liberty or good order, the Government has the discretion of making their enforcement unnecessary by taking part with threatened liberty. It can not, even if it wished, carry water upon both shoulders. It can not with one hand menace England for doing what the other hand is doing to Spain. Let the *Star* watch as closely as it can; and we say again that if it can convict this Government of dishonorable conduct in the Cuban question, it will have gone far to destroy the moral force of the *Alabama* claims. But we warn it that it will have its labor for its pains.

NEW ISSUES.

In the unprecedented political calm which has fallen upon the country it is only natural that issues should present themselves of a different kind from those that have engaged the public mind during a generation. And it is upon this situation that the Democratic party founds its hope of returning to partial power. For the new issues arise, of course, in the Republican party, which comprises the great body of independent and progressive men, and of those who are inspired by other purposes than the possession of the spoils merely. The Anti-slavery movement was not supported by the Democratic party. The Temperance movement, for the same reason, is not supported by it, and will never divide that party. The reason is not that the Democratic party holds that government has nothing to do with such questions, as some Democrats, and many who are not Democrats, honestly believe, but because the great body of the ignorant voters belong to that party, and the party policy must be shaped accordingly; and equal rights and temperance are not agreeable to ignorant minds.

The new issues, therefore, will spring from the Republican party, and the first one, apparently, is to be that of temperance. A National Temperance Convention, with political objects, is to meet at Chicago on the 1st of September. A Temperance Convention will presently assemble at Syracuse, in this State. The Maine Temperance Convention has lately met, almost unanimously laid upon the table the temperance resolution of the Republican Convention, and nominated a temperance candidate for Governor. In Massachusetts it is announced that the election will turn mainly upon the liquor issue. If Governor Claflin should prefer to go to Congress, it is supposed that Mr. George B. Loring, a positive prohibitionist, will be nominated by the Republican party, to avoid a schism upon the question, while the freedom of whisky will be represented by Mr. John Quincy Adams.

It would certainly seem to be very possible that in so languid a political year a vigorous campaign of the Temperance men, who must be drawn almost exclusively from the Republicans, would offer the Democratic party in Maine a better chance of success than it has known for many years; while the nomination of Mr. Loring upon a strictly prohibitory platform in Massachusetts would for many reasons make the vote for Mr. Adams much more respectable than his former votes. Mr. Loring is an old Democrat; opposed to the war, we believe, until the second year; a friend and ally of General Butler, who is representative for Mr. Loring's district, and a gentleman not agreeable to those who are not Butler Republicans, and who prefer the older confessors of the faith. The Senatorial election for the successor of Mr. Wilson will occur during the session of the next Legislature; and should a decided majority of the members prove to be strict prohibitionists, General Butler, who is a candidate for Mr. Wilson's seat, will undoubtedly appear with excellent effect as a more teetotal teetotaler than the late lamented Father Mathew.

No one who has watched closely since the end of the war can be surprised by the prominence which the Temperance question has assumed in the public mind of this country. The progress of intemperance is such as to challenge the most thoughtful inquiry as to the proper method of arresting it. The Temperance politicians rest their cause upon experience and public order. They point to statistics and humanity. They appeal to the tax levy and to domestic peace. Their argument is powerful and persuasive. The right and propriety of license are, they contend, every where conceded; but the principle of license or regulation involves prohibition; and the degree of the restraint is merely a question of expediency to be decided upon careful consideration. The rejoinder is that sumptuary laws of every kind always fail, and that the reform sought by the Temperance party must be achieved by moral suasion; that if government may decree what we shall sell and eat and drink, it becomes the most intolerable of despotisms, because in the nature of things there can be no guarantee that its prohibitions will be always, or indeed often, wise; that beginning with prohibiting beer and wine and spirits, it will proceed to prohibit coffee and tea; and that there will be no security for rocking-chairs and feather-beds; that it reverses the order of civilization by tending to sacrifice the individual to the State, and increases instead of lessening the functions of government.

But to these arguments the practical experience of communities in which there has been a trial of the two systems will furnish a conclusive answer. If it has been found, for instance, in Massachusetts, during the rule of the most stringent law, that the taxes were reduced, that the good order of villages was palpably improved, that the character of the public interest was heightened, that hundreds of young men were saved by the increased difficulties of gratifying the appetite for liquor, and hundreds of homes restored, for the same reason, to cheerfulness and peace, these facts will be mighty allies of the new issue, and perilous adversaries to the theory of the limitation of government.

But there are other considerations which should be carefully weighed by every Republican who is urged to vote exclusively upon this issue. To divide the party is to bring the Democrats into power. Is the exigency such that the public welfare, including the interest of Temperance, will be more benefited by the ascendency of that party? The platform of the Maine Republicans declares "that we emphatically renew our adhesion to the principles of prohibition and a vigorous enforcement of laws to that end." Ought a Temperance man, under the circumstances, to abandon a party which takes such a position, and thereby help to give the victory to one that denounces all such laws? Could an honest member of the Liberty party in New York twenty-three years ago have consistently refused to support the Whig or the Democratic party if either of them had expressed themselves in corresponding terms upon the Slavery question? As it was, it was evidently doubtful whether Liberty would gain by the success of either party; but can the same be said of the Temperance movement now?

OUR SUPPLY OF WATER.

Doubt having been expressed as to the capacity of the Croton Valley to supply our future population with water, the question is an interesting one whether it is well founded, and what means are required to secure the city against such a contingency. It may be necessary to imitate the example of Boston, which has lately admitted several adjacent towns and villages, and annex the lower portion of Westchester to New York, in which case a very large population will need to be provided for. That it will very soon equal if not surpass that of London is very certain.

No city in the world possesses the advantages of New York. When the obstructions to navigation at Hell Gate are removed, which can easily be done, as was demonstrated by the sagacious operations of Henry Grinnell, we shall have access to the ocean by an improved channel for the largest ships. Our means of communication by way of Sandy Hook are sufficient for all present purposes, and are superior to those elsewhere enjoyed. The commerce of the whole world may have easy access to our wharves.

Our communications with the vast interior of our country and with Canada are equally convenient. High mountains are interposed between the interior and other Atlantic cities, except Savannah, but by two united valleys, that of the Mohawk, which breaks through the Alleghany at Little Falls, and that of the Hudson, which breaks through the range at West Point, our trade with the interior is unobstructed. With Canada we have easy communication, as the highest elevation is only about 110 feet. We shall presently avail ourselves of these great advantages by widening and deepening the Erie Canal and the canal connecting with Lake Champlain, and in time by a ship canal from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, and thus provided none but territorial limits can be assigned to the growth of population which will inhabit New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Westchester. The supply of this city and of the lower part of Westchester must engage the attention of our Legislature, whether they become united under one municipality or remain under separate local governments.

The Commissioners who introduced the Croton into the city made an examination of the Bronx, and wisely decided not to use it. If it were dammed at Bronxville the reservoir at that place would have an elevation of about seventy feet above tide, from which much of the lower part of Westchester could be supplied. The village of White Plains, which is growing rapidly, endeavored to obtain the right to take water from the Bronx for the use of the village; but Rye Pond, one of the most important feeders of the Bronx, will doubtless be used for that purpose, as it is supplied chiefly by springs, is seated at a sufficient elevation above White Plains, and is only about three miles distant. It is probable that the Bronx will furnish enough water for as many residents as will congregate in the lower part of the county for perhaps fifty years.

The Croton aqueduct, which commences in Westchester, and runs for nearly thirty miles along and near the banks of the Hudson in that county, has not been tapped except at the State prison. The only case in which permission to do so was given was that of a gentleman who had performed services in respect to the sewerage of the city, but on reflection he declined to avail himself of the permission, as he feared that, if repeated, irreparable damage might result from it.

Mr. Coffin was at the time President of the Board. The aqueduct is constructed to deliver, as its maximum, sixty millions of gallons per day, which it regularly does, furnishing to each of a million of inhabitants sixty gallons of water per diem. The Croton River not only supplies this quantity, but throws a large excess over the dam for nine months in the year. During the heats of summer it occasionally happens that a much smaller quantity runs into the dam than the aqueduct requires. But at Boyd's Corners on the west branch of the Croton a storage reservoir is being constructed competent to hold enough, added to the minimum supply from all the branches, to deliver into the aqueduct all that it can take.

The drainage area of this reservoir is about 20 miles, and constitutes the extreme northwestern portion of Croton Valley. The reservoir is over 60 miles from the city, at an elevation of 600 feet above tide, and is in an extremely wild district, sparsely populated. It will cover 303 acres of land, and will store 3,369,206,859 gallons of water. On its completion, which will be in about two years, this reservoir alone will supply the whole quantity required for forty-five days, if it all reaches the main dam, not reckoning other sources of supply; but, as the new reservoir is 23 miles from the dam, some of the water will be absorbed, but the quantity will be but little in excess of what the stream will at the same time furnish to the reservoir. No apprehension need be entertained that the aqueduct will not furnish the city throughout every year, after this new work is completed, the full complement of sixty millions of gallons daily.

Many parts of London are supplied by their aqueducts with only twelve gallons per day to each inhabitant; but as there is but little waste the quantity suffices. What we receive would be deemed luxurious by any but the most wasteful people. In winter, to prevent injury to the pipes by the freezing of the water, it is allowed to run both night and day—a contingency against which the English are not required to guard; and much of the water here is used for manufacturing purposes—an object which ought to be encouraged up to the point beyond which inconvenience of a domestic character would result. No city is complete without an abundant supply of water, delivered into houses from such an elevation that it becomes after use the power or carrier for removing the refuse through sewers. The primary system of New England, which fortunately extends to the coast here, where it runs out, enables us to obtain and introduce water at a high elevation and of a pure quality. And it will contribute to the growth of the city to keep up a luxurious supply. London is now discussing the question what means shall be used to introduce water from a river in Wales, over a hundred miles distant, and will decide to introduce it at vast expense, inasmuch as the health and prosperity of the city depend upon it.

Many of the diseases which prevail owe their origin, and frequently their malignant type, to the water we drink, and there should be no hesitation to make whatever outlay may be required within our means to maintain forever a proper supply. The bounteousness of nature to our city is conspicuous in the means which are afforded for obtaining water for an enormous population. The valley of the Croton has a drainage area of three hundred and twenty square miles, containing chiefly the soil and the rocks of the primary system. The mountain range which crosses the Hudson from Peekskill to near West Point constitutes the bulk of this region, which extends very little beyond the Connecticut line. In the various valleys formed by the east, west, and middle branches of the Croton and their affluents there are no less than fifteen convenient spots in which storing reservoirs may be built, the joint capacity of which exceeds sixty-two billions of gallons. The district is already studded with numerous lakes and ponds, the outlets of which run very evenly, forming, with the artificial means which may be provided at moderate expense, such conveniences for storing water as our growth in population may hereafter require.

In time it will undoubtedly be necessary to add to the capacity of the aqueduct, or build a new one. Whatever quantity might be introduced, advantage would result from it even if much too large for domestic purposes. Skill will employ itself to devise some cheap mode of using the Croton as a power in domestic industry; and the time may not be distant when, in addition to the luxurious supply of pure water with which we are now blessed, the women of the city, in their own dwellings, may use the

Croton as the power to work their sewing-machines at a trifling expense, and without inconvenience. Among the benefits conferred by the Croton the ease which it contributes to the performance of household labors is of great importance, and of itself justifies the outlay. The men who had charge of the work, among whom Stephen Allen was conspicuous, deserve the warmest thanks for what they did, as they conducted it with a purity which has not been known in recent years, fitly represented by what they introduced, and with such inestimable advantage.

The alarm which has recently been stirred up about polluting the water is due in great part to the exigencies of a personal lawsuit. The situation of the district is favorable to exemption from this danger, but yet it will be wise to ask from the legislative power the means to prevent—while the population is not full—the introduction of those industries which render streams impure. There are enough which may be pursued in harmony with the interests of the people there and the vital interests of New York in the Croton Valley.

Plans for supplying White Plains and the lower part of Westchester will no doubt be placed before the Legislature next winter, and as they concern the highest interests of their respective localities, it is to be hoped that they will be devised in the spirit which animated Stephen Allen and his coadjutors, and be acted upon by the Legislature without the necessity of purchasing a vote.

New York will soon need to follow; but we shudder to think what a difference we shall experience now in the objects and influences which shall govern our present managers in constructing a new aqueduct, as compared with those which directed the old and justly honored sachems of Tammany.

THE PERSONAL INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

Rooms are already engaged in Rome by persons thousands of miles away who hope to reach the city in time for the Œcumenical Council next winter. This Council, or assembly of the whole body of the faithful, speaks for the Church and proclaims dogmas; and the absorbing interest of the proposed Council is, that if it should meet, the Pope is understood to wish it to pronounce the absolute personal infallibility of the incumbent of the Holy See. This claim is so portentous that the French Churchmen especially, and even the Jesuits, are alarmed, foreseeing the inevitable danger of such a proclamation. Their ground of course is that, so long as the Church claims infallibility in spiritual subjects alone, its infallibility can never be put to the proof. If it declares, for instance, that a certain act is a mortal sin and will damn a soul eternally, its position is purely theoretical, because nobody can prove that a soul is not damned eternally. Consequently any Church or any man may claim absolute infallibility upon such subjects, conscious that the claim can never be disproved.

Moreover, so long as the whole Church must pronounce, it is always easy to delay or to confuse the decision. But the case is very different when perfect infallibility is claimed for any individual man. His word upon every subject would then be identical with truth. He could declare the essential conditions of salvation. It would be in vain that his infallibility would be proclaimed to be limited. When a universal Council once announced the personal infallibility of the Pope, his word would be to the faithful the word of God. He would need only to declare this or that the condition of acceptance with God, and his "children" would obediently listen. But while this would be the result within the pale of his ecclesiastical family, it would be very different beyond its borders. The Pope is by no means always selected for his wisdom or his virtue. The history of the Holy Conclave is the history of as much envy and hatred and wretched intrigue as are to be found in any secular convention, and an old, ignorant, fanatical ecclesiastic might become the most fatal enemy of his Church just in the degree of his sincere and narrow devotion to her. A man like the late Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, enthroned in the chair of St. Peter as absolutely infallible Head of the Church, might readily do what all the "infidels" have never been able to accomplish.

If, for instance, he should declare as truth essential to salvation something which science should presently and plainly disprove, the plight would be so ridiculous that no Church could endure it. If, with absolute personal infallibility, he should abandon himself to such foolish and truculent denunciations of the freedom of the press, for instance, or of scientific investigation, as appeared in the encyclical letter of the present Pope two years ago, the effect would be immense and pernicious to his own cause. What sort of a Church is it whose infallible Head decrees that the sun goes round the earth, or that the Mosaic cosmogony is literally and limitedly exact? would be the perilous question which could not be satisfactorily answered. And this is the dilemma which the Jesuits and the Frenchmen foresee, and which, if possible, they would avoid. The Papal opportunity of asserting as true what could be conclusively shown to be false must not, in their judgment, be allowed.

The power of the Pope for good results would, of course, be increased by the decree which Pius the Ninth is understood to favor. He might make the cardinal virtues instead of theological dogmas the essentials to salvation. He might require education. He might insist upon a real liberty. Indeed, he might do all that the supporters of vast arbitrary power seem to imagine such potentates will do. But the probabilities are always against the wise use of such a prerogative as is now sought; and there is no method whatever of securing the continuance of such a use. Decree the absolute infallibility of the Pope, and any ignorant priest, crowned with the triple tiara, could undo the work of the wisest pontiff. Indeed, the present Pope, who is approaching the remarkable term of a quarter of a century in the pontificate, is not a man of such sagacity that his own career and reputation are likely to strengthen his demand. If the Council should assemble and decree as he desires, the sincerest enemies of his Church ought to be satisfied.

INSULTS TO GENERAL GRANT.

Mr. Andrew Johnson, if the report of a conversation with him be correct—and the *World* publishes the matter as if it were of importance to somebody—is of opinion that General Grant is "a farce," and "a little fellow," and "treacherous," and that he "lied flagrantly," and that his presence in the White House is "degrading" to the Presidency. In the words of the Declaration, which are very familiar to us all at this season, it would seem that "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" would make Mr. Andrew Johnson extremely careful of allusions to treachery and degradation in connection with the Presidency of the United States.

It is the fate of the greatest benefactors of their country to be subject to slander. The old *Aurora* said as foul things of Washington as ever the rebel and Democratic newspapers said of Lincoln, or as Mr. Andrew Johnson and the *World* can say of General Grant. But somehow the people thought that the *Aurora's* ribaldry or the Copperhead hiss could hardly lessen the lustre of the inestimable national services of Washington and Lincoln; and when they read the feeble insults of Mr. Andrew Johnson and the *World* upon a man whose career is what General Grant's has been, in the words of the amusing college song, "they don't seem to take no kind of interest in it."

THE EMPIRE.

There is a paper published in New York which is called the *Imperialist*. It is so enamored of the happiness of France, and so dismayed by the ruin of this republic, that it can see no hope of relief from the misery and slavery in which we are involved but in an empire. That indeed is peace. That is happiness and freedom and prosperity. If that great and good Cæsar, Louis Napoleon, to whom nothing is so dear as liberty and individual rights, would only graciously consent to bestow his imperial son upon us for a ruler—that son of whose mother General Dix has recently said such prodigiously amiable things in Paris—what a happy day it would be! what a fortunate nation!

See the immense advantages of imperialism. In this wretched country, where we not only labor under the incubus of a republic, but a republic which secures liberty of speech and of the press—which a foolish and unimperial philosophy supposes to be essential to a good and progressive government—a paper like the *Imperialist* may denounce and deride the Government and its officers at its own sweet will, and with scarcely a smile of interest from any body. If it can, it may persuade the people of the country to install a wise and virtuous Wigfall or Napoleon, or a "Christian gentleman" like Lee or Forrest, as its august emperor—and nobody, least of all the Government, will interfere with its endeavors. But in France, in the empire which is peace and liberty and prosperity, we read that Mr. Henry Rochefort, the editor of a newspaper, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of three thousand francs, and is deprived for three years of the right to vote or to sit in the Legislative Assembly; and all this because he derides and denounces the benign and peaceable empire.

This is the kind of system which is to restore to us the liberties of which a ruthless mob has deprived us, and its advantages are only too evident. So, too, we observe that the great and good French Cæsar has graciously remarked to the Bishop of Beauvais that "the addresses of bishops, couched in the language of piety, are always received with deference." A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. The rule of the Pope in his Church is the image of that which the French Cæsar desires in his State, or it will be so, if the Pope can only persuade the Œcumenical Council next winter to declare the absolute personal infallibility of the Holy Father. The next step in the progress of our liberties and prosperity is thus made evident. With an emperor to regulate our personal freedom, including that of speech and the press, and a Pope to determine our religious faith and the limits of our mental activity, the republic, not to speak lightly, may hang up its fiddle and its bow, and every happy subject of the empire receive his opinions and his rule of conduct from imperial and papal headquarters.

That astute statesman, Mr. F. P. Blair, Jun., of Missouri, who sees as far into a millstone as any body, warned his country last year that he was the path of safety, while the darkly designing despot Grant would never leave the White House if he once entered it, but would remain there an emperor. The ghastly truth now appears! "I smell a rat; I'll crush him in the bud!" exclaimed a fervent orator. Is it not plain to every body whom Mr. F. P. Blair, Jun., convinced of Grant's nefarious designs that the *Imperialist* is his first stealthy movement toward an imperial throne, and that the crown which it bears upon its front is the one that he proposes to transfer to his brow?

FRIENDLY WORDS.

The speech of Goldwin Smith at Toronto, which was curiously distorted in the telegraphic report, has been published in the Cornell *Era* at Ithaca. The two following extracts will not harm him with those who know how truly and in the best sense he is an English friend of America. In speaking of Mr. Sumner's speech he says:

> "I was perhaps the only Englishman resident in the States, except those connected with the diplomatic service and whose tongues were tied, who had followed the controversy through all its different phases; and, moreover, Mr. Sumner in quoting some words of mine, as he did, against my country, made an appeal to an English heart, to which, if he knew the English heart, he must have been aware that it would not fail to respond. I received in return, as you saw, a profuse shower of compliments from the American press: and here, beneath the protection of the British flag, and in this confidential circle, one may whisper that the American press in bestowing its compliments on the objects of its approbation and sympathy is not in the habit of erring on the side of excessive delicacy. I observed one journal which in my case was something more than personal; and I had observed a short time before in the same journal a lively editorial attacking a rival editor's hat and boots."

Goldwin Smith is not the only Englishman or American who makes a broad distinction between people and politicians, as in this passage:

> "It is not of the American people that I am afraid. The more I see of the American people the more I acknowledge and respect their worth, and the more confident do I feel that they will decide in accordance with the dictates of good sense and morality any question submitted to their deliberate judgment and fairly presented to their minds. I am not afraid, I say, of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of patriotism or virtue on the part of the politicians. I think it probable that in certain contingencies, and under certain inducements, the politicians might be led by their spirit of self-sacrifice to do something too disinterested and sublime. The other day they were going pretty fast, as it seemed to me, in a direction in which if they had persisted in going, evil consequences would have almost certainly ensued. The attitude of England in this matter, I apprehend, is perfectly intelligible, and her language perfectly distinct. If any wrong has been unintentionally done by her Government, or by any of the officers employed under it, to a friendly nation, we are ready and willing to make full reparation for it. We are ready and willing, also, in addition to any pecuniary damage which we may become liable to pay, to make such an acknowledgment as, in a case of unintentional injury, one man of honor is always prepared to make to another in private life, provided only we are accosted in the style in which one man of honor accosts another, and not in the style of Mr. Sumner's speech."

THE CASE OF MR. WARREN.

It is telegraphed from Paris that Mr. J. Q. Warren, an American citizen, has made a formal complaint to our Minister of arrest and ill-treatment by the French authorities during the late riots in that city, and demands compensation. This is a claim which we presume Mr. Washburne will urgently press upon the Imperial Government. Those Americans who remember the manner in which the most innocent and even unwilling spectators or participators in street revolutionary troubles are treated by paternal governments in Europe will readily believe that Mr. Warren does not exaggerate the brutality of the treatment to which he was exposed. He saw the police pursuing a crowd. He stepped into a side-street to avoid trouble. But he was followed by the police, seized, knocked down, arrested, imprisoned, and maltreated for two days. Of course in a revolutionary city like Paris a man expects to take risks and to be annoyed. But a peaceable man, retiring so as not to increase disorder, does not expect to have his head broken and to be abused.

We presume that the French Government will instantly apologize and offer to atone for the offense. Indeed we shall not be surprised if it is all done before these lines are read. Americans are universal travelers. It is estimated that at least fifty thousand are now traveling in Europe for enjoyment and instruction. They are bound, of course, to respect carefully the laws of the countries into which they choose to go; but that being done, those countries are to respect the rights of foreign citizens. We shall expect to see, also, that in making representations to the French Government, our Minister takes that tone of firmness and courtesy which is always becoming, and which now is peculiarly representative of the high character and good name of the Administration.

NOTES.

In "Five Acres Too Much," by Robert B. Roosevelt, just published by the Harpers, the reader will find a good-humored smile, if not laugh, upon every page. It is a most pleasant little satire upon the country experience of many an urban rustic, and is an excellent pendant to that volume of Mr. Sparrowgrass which no gentleman's library should be without, and which is to be found in every well-regulated collection. There is no little book published during the season which should be so surely laid away for immediate summer reading as this.

The Harpers have also issued "My Daughter Elinor," a novel of American life, by a hand that we do not recognize as familiar. There are capital scenes in the book; and the interest is skillfully maintained by the play of not very original characters. It is the work of an author who has a sensitive eye for incident and character, but whose training and sympathy we should suppose to be not distinctively American. The style is lively and agreeable.

The crayon drawings of John W. Ehninger, representing the two famous incidents in the war, the ride of Sheridan and the lashing of Farragut to the rigging, which were bought by the Union League Club, and are now in their gallery, have been most admirably photographed by William Kurtz, and the prints may be found at Mr. Pilkington Jackson's, 58 East Thirteenth Street. The spirit and simplicity of these drawings, and the essential poetry of the subjects, which the artist has not lost, make them especially interesting souvenirs both of our military and naval renown. We can heartily commend them to our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The diminution of the public debt in June is estimated at sixteen millions.

Mr. George Peabody, who is now in this country, has added a million of dollars, in railroad and other bonds, mostly Southern, to the "Peabody Education Fund," also $384,000 in Florida six per cent. bonds and overdue coupons.

A sad accident occurred at the central shaft of the Hoosac Tunnel on June 29. Five of the miners on the lower platform wishing to ascend the shaft, entered the bucket for the purpose of ascending. Three of the men took hold of the cross-bar, as they were in the habit of doing, and two stood up in the bucket. The engineer who had charge of the hoisting machinery let the bucket fall with greater velocity than usual, and it striking the lower platform, three of the men who were clinging to the cross-bar, and one in the bucket, were precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, killing two men and severely injuring two others.

The monument to Fitz-Greene Halleck, at Guilford, Connecticut, was dedicated July 2.

Severe shocks of earthquake have recently been felt at various points along the Pacific coast.

The London *Star* was rather hasty in assuming that the report of the departure of a Cuban expedition from this port was true. Its comments read somewhat strangely when considered in connection with the facts of the case as recently developed.

The storm of Sunday, June 27, was notable for the number of casualties that occurred in this vicinity during its progress. Long Island seems to have been most exposed to its ravages, and the shores of Westchester County upon the Sound. Two sloops were wrecked and three seamen lost; at Rockaway the guests of a hotel were thrown to the floor in the parlor in which they were assembled, and a gentleman from this city, caught on the beach, was struck by lightning and killed; and in many parts of Westchester County oxen were killed, trees uprooted, and other damage done. In Philadelphia there was quite a tornado.

FOREIGN NEWS.

John Macgregor, captain of the famous canoe *Rob Roy*, has challenged the Harvard crew to another race after their contest with the English universities.

In the United States of Colombia the coming elections have largely occupied the public attention. The chances of Mosquera were regarded as favorable.

The session of the French Corps Legislatif opened on June 28. The Emperor not being present, M. Rouher made the opening speech.

Henri Rochefort, editor of the *Lanterne*, has been convicted of the charge of introducing that journal illegally into France. He has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 3000 francs. To these penalties are added the forfeiture of his rights of citizenship for three years, including the right to vote in any election, or to occupy a seat in the Corps Legislatif.

M. M. Simonson and Jordan, editors of the *Siècle*, have been fined each 500 francs, and each editor of the *Opinion Nationale* has been condemned to one month's imprisonment with a fine of 500 francs, all for violations of the press law.

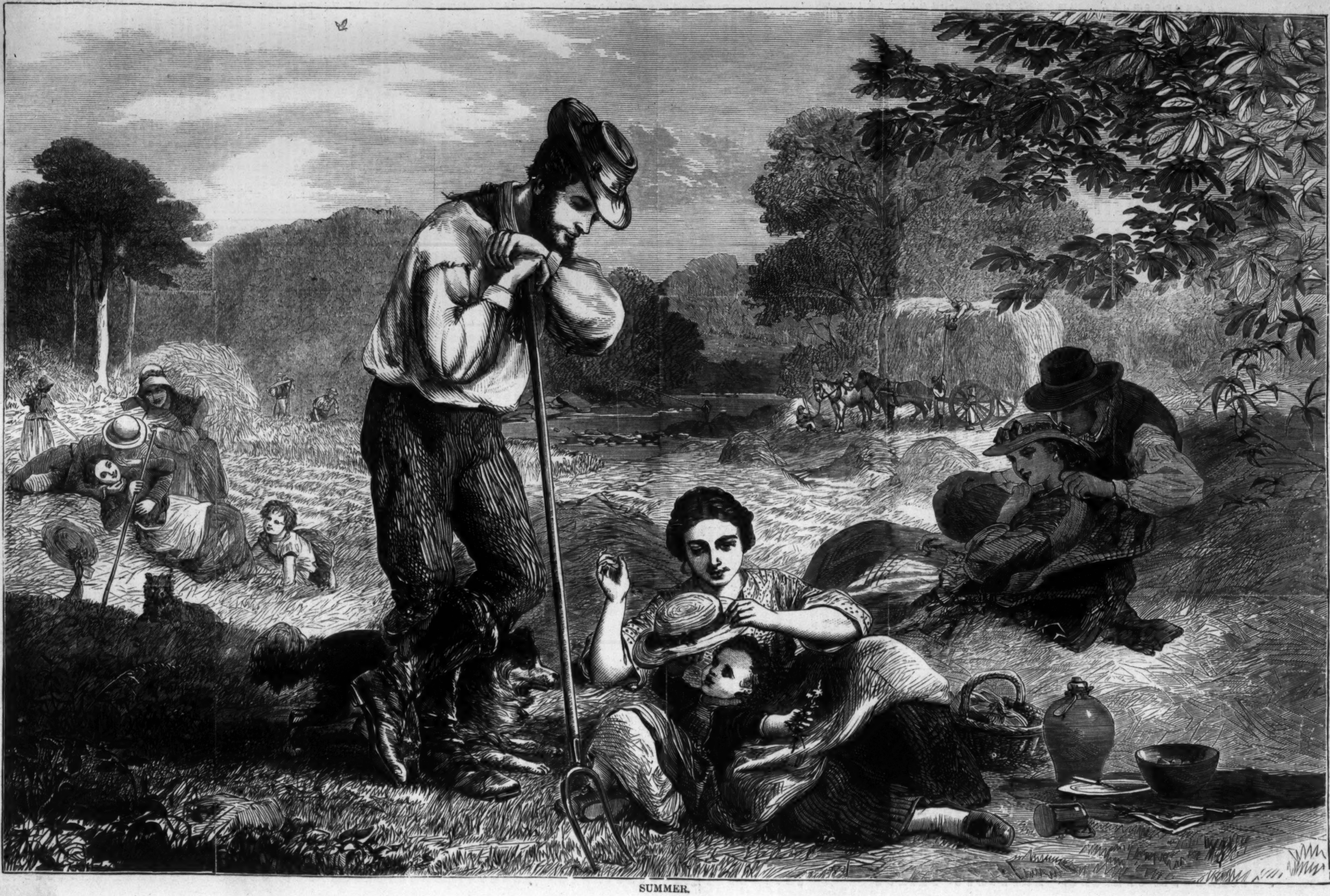
A report, which comes from a Brazilian source, states that President Lopez, of Paraguay, has offered, through General M'Mahon, the American Minister, to surrender his army on the condition that he be granted his personal freedom and be permitted to leave the country without molestation.

From Hong-Kong, China, we learn that a great and decisive battle has been fought between the Imperialists and the Mohammedan rebels. The latter were defeated, with the loss of 20,000 men.

The Viceroy of Egypt, after his visit to England, where he was received by the Queen with extraordinary courtesy, departed for Brussels, where he arrived July 2.

The Œcumenical Council at Rome has been postponed a year.

Our late advices from Cuba report a serious insubordination among the Catalonian volunteers. General Letona imprisoned their Colonel, and they have seized the General and threaten to kill him. It is reported that a number of Americans, captured by the Spanish General Lesca, have been executed. Captain-General De Rodas, in a public speech, has advised journalists to show more moderation, endeavor to conciliate all classes, and cease publishing irritating articles, especially in regard to ladies.

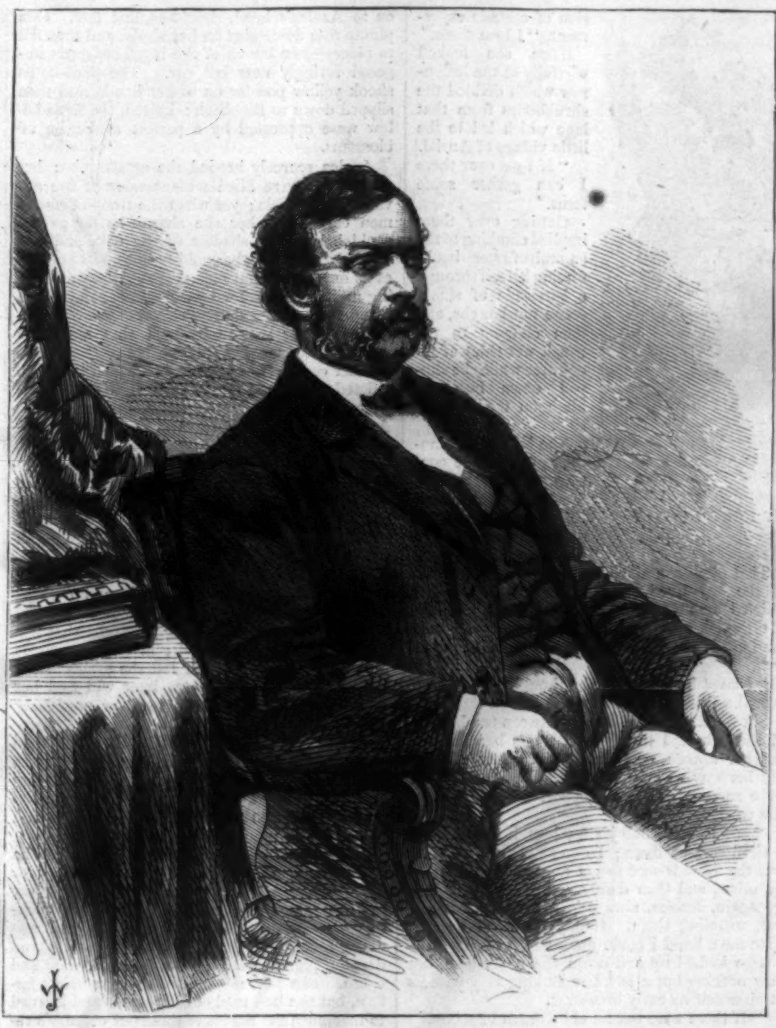


SUMMER.

HON. GEORGE M. ROBESON,

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

THE Hon. GEORGE M. ROBESON, lately appointed Secretary of the Navy, in the place of Hon. A. H. BORIE, resigned, is a native of New Jersey, and a son of Judge WILLIAM P. ROBESON, of Warren County, who was formerly a leading Whig, and prominently connected with the politics of his State. Mr. ROBESON is a graduate of Princeton College of the class of 1847. He studied law in the office of Chief-Justice HORNBLOWER in Newark. In 1859 he was appointed Prosecutor of Pleas for Camden County. On the election of Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN as Senator, in 1867, Mr. ROBESON was appointed by Governor WARD Attorney-General, which position he resigned for his new duties. He is about forty-five years of age, and justly holds high rank in his profession. Mr. ROBESON is a strong and decided Republican. It is somewhat curious that the only position ever held in the Cabinet by a citizen of New Jersey has been that of Secretary of the Navy.



HON. GEORGE M. ROBESON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

CAPTURE OF COLONEL BYRON'S CUBAN EXPEDITION.

SECRETARY FISH evidently intends to execute our neutrality laws. Learning from the United States Marshal and the United States District-Attorney that a filibustering expedition was on the point of starting from this port, carrying men, arms, and other war supplies for the aid of the Cubans, he ordered the revenue cutters *Mahonning* and *M'Culloch*, on the 29th of June, to proceed up Long Island Sound in pursuit of the Cuban expedition which was reported to have left this city for Gardiner's Island, on the Long Island coast, and within a short distance of the ocean. The information upon which the Secretary acted was furnished by a recruit who had deserted. He said that three tug-boats lay off the island named the *H. D. Coole*, *Jonathan Chase*, and *Wm. H. Webb*, which carried troops who were about to sail for the invasion of Cuba, and that they were waiting for the appearance of the steamer *Catharine Whiting*, which was to take them to sea. Shortly after six o'clock in the evening the revenue cutters came in sight of the tug-boats *Coole* and *Webb*, which were quickly recognized as the objects of the search. They were about five miles from Fort Schuyler, and were coming down the Sound, but stopped when two shots from the cutters made known to those on board that it was dangerous to attempt to escape. Both tugs were boarded, and were found to contain upward of one hundred men, the majority being on the *Coole*, which was the largest boat. The *M'Culloch* took charge of the *Coole*, and the *Mahonning* of the *Webb*. After signaling with rockets, the revenue officers decided to anchor off Fort Schuyler for the night, with the captured vessels under their stern and in range of their guns, which were ready for use in case the prizes should endeavor to run away.

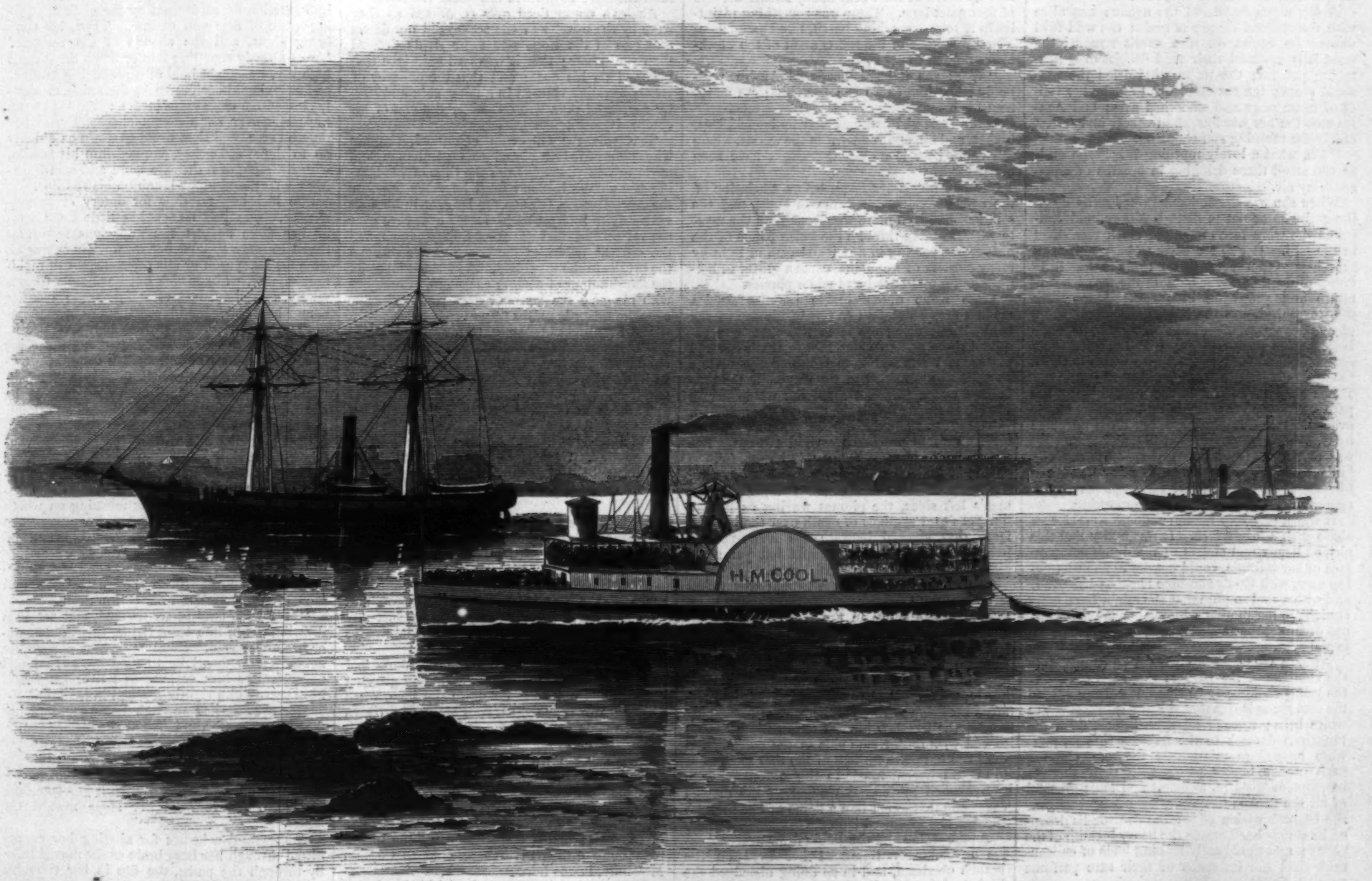
No resistance was offered by the filibusters, who were in an almost famished condition. The captured boats were conveyed to the Brooklyn Navy-yard on the morning of the 30th, and the prisoners were then transferred to the United States Receiving Ship *Vermont*.

The men who were caught formed a portion of Colonel JOHN WHITEHEAD BYRON'S command, that officer being one of the prisoners. He was on board the *Coole* at the time of her arrival at the Navy-yard, but subsequently made his escape in a most daring manner. He made two attempts, the last of which was successful. On the first he managed to get off the tug-boat without detection, after which he passed through the Navy-yard to the outer gate on York Street, when he was brought to a halt by a sentinel. He was then identified and taken back among his comrades. About ten o'clock on the morning of the 30th he disappeared a second time, and was not recaptured. It was supposed that he left in disguise. Among those who were found on board the *Coole* were Señor ALFARO, the Secretary of War of the Cuban Junta, and Dr. BASSORA, also belonging to the Junta.

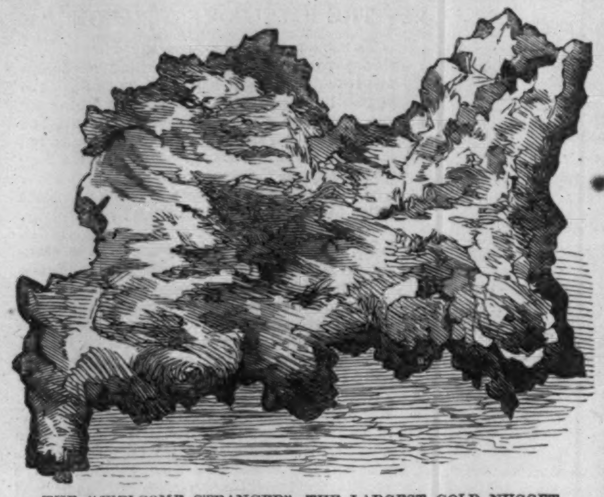
Since the 30th the remainder of the expedition has been captured.

THE "WELCOME STRANGER."

THE other day the telegraphic wires flashed throughout Australia the startling announcement that a nugget had been unearthed, the largest ever seen, that it was heavy lifting for two men to put it on a dray, that it weighed about two thousand ounces, and was worth ten thousand pounds sterling. However startling it may appear, the announcement was perfectly true. The monster nugget was found at a place called Moliagul, about eight miles from Dunolly. A local paper, the Dunolly *Express*, gives the following particulars of the event: "The Dunolly district, after having turned out a multitude of nuggets that puts every other gold-field in the colony in the shade, has at length, in the words of the Melbourne journals, 'beat the world' in producing the largest mass of gold on record. The 'Welcome Stranger' was found by two men, named JOHN DEASON and RICHARD OATES, on Friday, 5th February, 1869, near the Black Reef, Bull-dog Gully, Moliagul, a short distance from Wayman's Reef, and only about a mile from the celebrated Gipsy Diggings. DEASON and his mate have been working in the ground for several years past, and, as is well known, had got, in digging parlance, so 'hard-up' as to have been refused credit for a bag of flour a week or so ago, and we believe the very day before the discovery were reminded by a tradesman that they were indebted to him a few shillings. Still they persevered, until on the day named DEASON, in working round the roots of a tree, at about two inches below the surface, struck something hard with a pick, and exclaimed, 'D—n it, I wish it was a nugget, and had broken the pick!' On stooping down to examine the obstacle he found that the object of his dearest wishes was lying at his feet, and it seemed as if the monster was so large as to be immovable. It was, however, at length released from its virgin soil and carefully removed. The question then arose as to what was to be done with it, and the first intention was to convey it to Melbourne. When the men got to Dunolly with their prize they were advised to take it to the bank, and forthwith carried it to the London Chartered. The news of the discovery soon spread, and the bank was crowded with eager spectators, among whom were a number of Chinamen; and a constable was sent for to guard the prize. The weight in the gross was then found to be 210 pounds troy, and preparations were at once made to break the mass to pieces and smelt it. The appearance of the 'Welcome Stranger' in its pristine state was something wonderful, and it seemed impossible to realize the fact that so great a mass of gold could be collected in one lump. But so it was. Many efforts were made to lift it, and many exclamations of surprise expressed at its immense weight and compactness. A sledge-hammer and cold chisels were brought into requisition, and several of the latter broken in the attempt to reduce into fragments the 'Welcome Stranger.' It was found to be as solid as it looked, and as chip after chip and piece after piece was dissevered from it, its appearance was as clean as a well-cut Cheshire



CAPTURE OF THE CUBAN EXPEDITION IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY W. M. CARY.]



THE "WELCOME STRANGER"—THE LARGEST GOLD NUGGET EVER FOUND.

cheese. At length, after no less than five hours' hammering, the monster was pounded up and smelted, the result being 2268 ounces 10 dwts. 14 grains of solid gold, exclusive of at least 1 pound weight, which was given by the delighted finders to their numerous friends, who were each anxious to retain a piece of the largest mass of gold the world has yet seen. Over £9000 were advanced on the nugget by the bank, the final value awaiting the result of assay."

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVE EATS HER APPLE.

It was daybreak at Auriel, and country-bred Azalea awoke as naturally with the dawn as did the quick-eyed swallows who lived in the eaves above her window. She lay still a while, watching the wan sun-streaks lengthen over the brown furrowed upland, and listening to the clump of the farm horses' feet as they trotted down toward the misty water brink to drink. It was that pale mysterious hour when the hush of night passing away from the earth gives place to gray gloom which is as obscure and indistinct in its nature as a dying man's wanderings ere the babble of his tongue has ceased, and his soul dawned before the brightness of God. The night clouds had rolled away, but day had not yet breathed out its full sense of life and joy; feeble twitters broke from the leaves, and desultory flutters disturbed their dew-steeped shadows. The steel-gray waters of the lake; the dark form of cattle moving stiffly down the meadow; the mist that clammed the outline of sky and earth together—all was chill uncertainty of aspect.

A few hours later and the avenue was alive with the cheerful clamor of birds; the wild-fowl dashed its breast down a sunlit stream; the waterfalls sparkled their mad delight over glistening pebbles; the warm wind dried the wet-faced roses; the cat crept out to make her toilet of clean paws and smoothed ears; and Azalea stood at her window, the freshest and fairest object the morning sun shone on.

"Oh, what a lovely morning it is!" she said, as she stood there drinking in breaths of sweet sunshiny air.

When she was dressed she walked softly down the stairs so as not to disturb Moore, and consulted the worn face of the old clock that stood in the hall. It was too early to busy herself in the sitting-room yet; to go through her little duties of dusting and arranging the massive furniture and preparing breakfast. Her father slept overhead, and the light, doubtful slumbers of age are easily disturbed; so Azalea took the large garden basket off its peg and decided to go out and gather some flowers with which to make the dusty old chambers bright when she returned.

She sang to herself as she walked down the path under the cross lights and shadows of the avenue. She was seventeen, her heart unruffled by trouble, her eyes bright with unconcern. She was as free and unfettered of spirit as the wild birds that carroled noisily above her head, and like them she involuntarily sang out her appreciation of the fresh beauty of the morning.

It was a pity that human sadness should ever abase such a bright face. It was a pity that this girl, as happy and sinless as the dumb companions of her solitude, could not die as she was living now, with God's sunshine blessing her head, and with a soul so pure that she might have gone straight to her mother's breast in paradise without dreading the tender questioning of those celestial eyes.

After a while Azalea paused to contemplate the contents of her basket; there were lilies-of-the-valley shaking down small dew-drops among the cool green leaves that sheathed their fragrant white bells; roses of all descriptions, from the luxurious damask to the delicate rose de mot, were heaped promiscuously together, piercing each other's tender petals with their thorns; bunches of wistaria, sweetest and most graceful of all the pensile blossoms, hung languidly over the basket's wicker edge; the fleur-de-lis drooped its stately head across the heavy breadth of the peony; and the homely-looking buds of calicanthus shed the influence of their rare perfume over all.

"Oh!" said Azalea, plunging her little face into the dewy masses of blossom with an expression of ecstatic enjoyment, "I love them."

Then she looked wistfully at the hedgerow which divided the shrubberies from that lane which led to the little village of Auriel.

"If I get over there I can gather some ferns."

Getting over there implied climbing to the summit of a steep bank, forcing herself through a barricade of short, dense nut-boughs, and then clinging to the rough wet sides of an oak-tree while she slipped down into the ditch on the opposite side.

She hesitated a moment, fearing the contingencies of scratched hands and torn clothes. She scrambled up a few steps and peeped over at the temptation below.

That ditch contained beauties scarcely inferior to the gay-hued, rich-scented garden plants which it bounded, and Azalea looked longingly at the thick masses of fern, waving crossways at the foot of the bank with a wild grace all their own.

"I *must* have some," she thought, "to droop over the sides of the vases."

She fixed her laden basket between two boughs of the oak, and then clasping one hand round another branch, commenced her descent. She felt her way with her feet until they found a secure root on which to support them, and then she paused.

"If I jump I shall jar my legs, if I slip down I shall scratch them; I don't much mind that, but the dress is sure to get caught by something or other, and then daddy will say, 'There you go again, Azalea, always in rags;' and I so detest mending them. If any one were here to give me a hand I could jump easily."

She looked up and down the misty lane, but saw nothing but a jackdaw looking very wise as it dissected its early breakfast.

"If there were but an old woman or a boy."

There was the hem of a dress fluttering in the wind, a stone-picker, some fields distant, and the red neckerchief of a bird-boy, making a bright speck in a far-off hedgerow; but Azalea could not make them hear, nor if they had heard would they have heeded her. She was in that position in which poor undecided mortality so often finds itself, afraid to go on, loth to draw back, and so fain to stay where she was.

"I'll risk it," she said, suddenly; and she was in the act of withdrawing her arm from the friendly branch when a strange sound struck upon her ears.

Something quite different from trill of bird or hum of insect was that quick clang of notes that rose up between the sweet honey-suckle borders of that quiet lane. There was something plaintive in it too—something harsh, like human pain. There was none of the full content of the blackbird's note in it.

"What can it be?" wondered Azalea, postponing her jump into the fern bed; "I never heard it before."

If the little girl had gathered up herself, legs, basket, and all, and ran back in the woods, where she could hear it no more, it might have been better for her.

She had not long to wait before a solution of the mysterious sounds came in sight, and the solution was even more wondrous than the mystery. Gleaming through the green fringe of the hedgerows, passing in a quick stream of light by misty clusters of woodbine, came a glitter of helmets and a toss of red and white plumes.

From some unexplainable impulse Azalea made a desperate effort to regain the top of the bank, but she was too late; it would have required three or four scrambles to reach her old place; and not liking to continue the useless struggle she remained motionless while the procession streamed nearer, and the whole length of path resounded with the tramp of horses' feet.

The green shadows, the dewy lights, all were broken up and patched by vivid red-coats, the dark rapidly-moving forms of the horses, the champ of their bits, the hurried jingle of spurs, the sharp bright lines of steel that hung from the men's left sides, the plumes waving as hearse-like yet festal symbols of death over the bearded faces that showed beneath the sharp-pointed helms—all passed as a brilliant but yet awful picture before Azalea's amazed eyes.

The whole of this peaceful, grass-grown elm-shadowed road was stirred by the warlike commotion. The sheep in the opposite field huddled away up the pasture, and then turned and looked at the intruders with calm dewy-eyed wonder; the daisies under foot, which had lived unscathed under the slow tread of lazy cart-horses, were crushed to the ground by the merciless precision of those serried lines of tramping hoofs; the jackdaw hopped out of the path and looked wise on the safe side of the hedge. All the little harmless flutters of life that were wont to make innocent music in this quiet spot were overpowered by the gay clangor of the martial cavalcade that swept like a flame of fire through the densely-shadowed lane.

As the tramp and the jingle drew nearer Azalea involuntarily tightened her hold on the branch overhead, and in so doing dislodged the basket of flowers, already top-heavy with its fragrant burden. Over it turned, and roses and lilies, fleur-de-lis and wistaria, showered down on to Azalea's head, shoulders, and feet. One plump rose descended on her shoes, and then fell to pieces—one bunch of the fragile wistaria lingered lovingly near her ear. The fleur-de-lis shook yellow powder on to her hands, and then slipped down to the ditch; indeed, the ferns below were oppressed by a perfect avalanche of blossoms.

Azalea scarcely heeded the catastrophe; her violet eyes were filled with wonder at the advancing spectacle; yet when the troop of horsemen came near her she shrank as far as she could behind the shadow of the oak, and fervently wished that she could escape up its branches as quickly as that deft squirrel that was curling up its tail at a breezy altitude of some dozen boughs nearer the sky.

The reader will understand that a cavalry regiment was moving through Essex *en route* to another county, and that a troop which had been billeted at an adjacent village during the night were now on the march again, passing by the Auriel estate as the shortest cut to the high-roads. A bustle on arriving and departing—a friendly smoke overnight with the inn-keeper—a champing of many horses' mouths in the stables—a swing into the saddle when the early rime still clung to the wall-flower and cottage latch—a kiss to the inn-keeper's daughter watching them wistfully over the gate—such is the general result of a troop of soldiers' swallow-like descent into rustic Arcadias; "only this and nothing more." The girl at the gate may feel soft-eyed when she thinks of that big mustache that has just now brushed her cheek; may feel her heart beat at the next flutter of red she espies in the hedgerow; but a few hours later will find her romping with Joe on the green, or quarreling with her inmates over the wash-tub. Poverty is so practical it does not admit of wasting time in sentiment; at least the injurious self-torture engendered by luxury is spared to the hewers of wood and drawers of water. There is no space for it when mouths have to be filled and limbs clothed by dint of sheer exertion.

The reader will understand all this; but he or she may also comprehend that to the eyes of a girl like Azalea this was far from being any thing so commonplace as a troop of horse moving from one barrack to another. To her it was a magnificent poem, and those red coats and dancing plumes were the emblems of valor and death. She had never seen living soldiers before, but she had read of their deeds and learned to reverence the names of those our country's records have delighted to honor. There must have been inherited chivalry in her blood, or it would not have flushed her cheek so brightly as she followed the rush of plumes with her eyes, and thought that she too would like to die amidst the red light of battle and the sombrous roll of drums. She was only seventeen, so do not despise her; you or I might feel that death would be as unpleasant to meet in the uproar of battle as in the drear solitude of a wind-blown moor; but youth may be permitted to have its delusions—to fancy that bright colors and joyous music may elevate the soul above mortal pangs and disinthrall it from mortal terrors. Such delusions are the blossoms of life. They will fall soon enough; so we will not shake the tree.

Azalea's unpracticed eyes (confused as they were by the novelty of the scene) did not detect that one of the troop was more richly dressed than the others; that it was real gold-lace that gleamed on his coat; and that the delicacy of gentle breeding showed in a fairer skin and silkier mustache than was owned by the rest of his companions.

This was the officer in command, Captain Thurstan Mowbray; and this gentleman had never ceased yawning from the time of his leaving the village hostelry until he came opposite the Auriel woods. Then the languor in his face gave way to interest as he let his eyes rove over the variously-tinted waves of foliage, and noted the old red gables of the house visible through the breaks in the woodland. Sometimes he could see the shimmer of a sunlit casement, or followed with his gaze the herds of deer passing in line over the misty breadths of pasture.

"A beautiful old place!" he murmured. "To think that there should be no smoke from those chimneys. I dare say they have been stuffed with martins' nests for these last dozen years. Oh, if one had but money!"

The horses tramped on, the little girl in her niche following them with adoring eyes. If she could only have heard what the commander of that grand-looking party was sighing out between his mustache, her exalted estimate of one of the brilliant throng would have been slightly lowered.

"Oh, if one had but money!" No reference to splendid deeds of heroism—to old banners won in Spain—to lives willingly and gloriously yielded 'midst rolls of smoke and clang of arms—came from that perplexed-looking young officer, whose greatest enemy was his tailor, and who had never led a forlorn hope against any fortress more impregnable than a certain office in Craig's Court.

The color, the noise, the bronzed faces had passed Azalea's dazzled eyes, and were growing dimmer and indistinct far down the lane, when Captain Mowbray took it into his head to turn round in his saddle and give a last look at his father's deserted home. In scanning the broken palings overrun with ivy, and wondering how much money it would take to uplift and straighten their time-warped sides, his eyes fell on the oak, and then on the living creature clinging to its side. Even at this distance he saw the gleam of fair hair; and if there was one thing in woman more attractive than another to Captain Mowbray, it was fairness.

His bold dark eyes flashed, and his handsome face woke into new life in an instant. A quick glance at the immovable faces of his companions showed him that he was alone in his discovery. The men had taken a cursory glance at the pretty wild flowers that bloomed down the bank, but it was reserved for their officer to detect the rare specimens that were still clinging to Azalea's feet and shoulders.

"I believe—I am almost sure—she is pretty. I'll go and have a look at her."

What else could you expect from a young gentleman who had been wearying away so many uninteresting hours on country roads and among ugly rustic faces since he left his last gay quarters? He hailed this apparition as an especial kindly interposition of Fortune on his behalf. He was as pleased as the boy diverted from the tedium of a walk to school by the sudden rapture of starting and pursuing a wild rabbit.

Captain Mowbray waited until his troop had passed from under the last elm that shaded the land, and then, turning his horse, he galloped back in the direction of the oak.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT IS THE HARM?

Men and horses were gone; but the stir of their presence lingered a while in the vacant path. The birds had not recovered their confidence in the lower twigs of their homes; and Azalea's ears were still full of the music of their movement. The last plume had nodded away into the clear sunshine of the high-road ere the girl bethought herself of regaining her flowers and returning home. She had bared her pretty round arms, the better to preserve her sleeves, and was about to drop down into the soft herbage below, when the sound of horses' hoofs made her pause and tremble.

Was the beautiful dream coming back again? Was she once more to gaze on that scintillating line of gorgeous gold and crimson? She looked down the lane, and, to her surprise, saw not all, only one of the number, coming toward her, making, even by himself, a blaze of color in those cool green shadows. In an instant he was opposite to her. The horse was checked and turned unceremoniously loose. The latter made no attempt at flight, but quietly dropped his heavily-caparisoned head into the luscious depths of dewy grass, while the rider stood motionless, surprised into momentary stillness by the charm of the picture before him.

"A dryad, by Jove!" the Captain remarked, afterward, with hazy reminiscences of his school-boy studies in Lemprière. "One of those creatures that live always up a tree."

Azalea stood with scared eyes and beating heart, surveying the intruder. She had become aware of something more than a red coat and gleaming helmet. She felt, rather than saw, the big brown eyes that looked up at her face with somewhat of entreaty in their bold fire. In one brief second the pleading eyes, the mustached face, the bright apparel, the dim joy of the early morning—all were blended and burned indelibly into her memory. She knew then that she could never forget it—that even in the gray twilight that foreruns death, that face and that hour would live distinctly in her heart.

Captain Mowbray was, as we have said, awed into inaction for an instant by the girl's exceeding grace of face and outline. Then, his time being short, and the sounds of his troopers' horses already sounding fainter down the distant highway, he caught hold of a projecting branch, and swinging himself up to Azalea's side, suddenly clasped her close to his breast, swept his brown mustache over her delicate cheeks, kissed her mouth twice, and then dropped down as quickly on to the sward below, jumped into his saddle, with the sting of a delicate hand and arm flushing his face, and a gay laugh on his red lips.

She had had no time for outcry or remonstrance. She had struck her little hand with all her force against the audacious face that dared to press so near her own. There was no time for set speech or any other display of maidenly dignity. She struck out her hands from a purely animal instinct of self-defense; but her captor hardly felt the blow, excepting as a pleasant reminder of the kiss which had preceded it. It was as if a poor wood-pigeon was fluttering and pecking its soft bill against Captain Mowbray's hand.

"I will come again," he called out, as he swept past her. "I'll have another kiss of you, darling, before long."

Still laughing and waving his hand, he vanished out of sight.

Poor Azalea did not gather up her fallen flowers; they withered away in the dank ditch below many days after the fair morning on which they were plucked. She sat down among the nut-boughs, and cried bitterly. A brand of shame seemed to be scorching her lips.

"I can never, never tell daddy or Mr. Douglas," she thought. Then she wept afresh, and looked reproachfully at her cotton dress.

"If I were only better dressed, and sat in a drawing-room, like Rosa Orme, this would never have happened. I will never look at a soldier again. How dared he to treat me so? I will never forgive him as long as I live. It would have served him rightly if I had killed him."

Her eyes flashed through her tears, and her face looked quite vindictive at the idea of vengeance. In her heart she classed the stranger with some of the worst villains among her acquaintances in fiction. She decided that his offense was unpardonable, and with her face dark and stern she retraced her steps toward the house.

A thousand schemes for abasing her enemy flitted through her busy brain as she moved hastily through the paths, the fire in her thoughts lending unconscious impetus to her movements. If he came again, she would pass him with haughty unconcern; but then he might ignore the haughtiness, and repeat the offense. She would meet him in that blue merino dress her daddy had lately purchased for her, and greet him with a cold bow, and a scornful, averted face; or she would go out with an old-fashioned dagger (she rejected the idea of the garden-knife, which was practically sharper, as being too prosaic an implement of vengeance), and strike him to the heart through all that bulwark of red and gold.

A woman of the world would have made allowances for Captain Mowbray—have taken into consideration his temptation, the dearth of pretty faces between Norwich and Auriel, and, above all, his unavoidable haste, which precluded his waiting to express apology or regret; but Azalea only felt that an enemy had struck a blow at the native modesty in which her thoughts had hitherto rested in as sacred security as flowers in a Madonna's shrine. She had been sovereign of undivided empire in Dream-land. The aspiring ambition of youth made her ever assume the highest place among those ideal personages who thronged round her in imagination. Practically, too, she was a little queen—the adored of old Moore's failing eyes—the worshiped of his heart—the empress of hundreds of living things who fluttered to her at the beck of her finger, and the coo of her soft voice! Had she not reason to rebel at finding out this morning that she was but an ordinary little mortal who had been picked up and kissed by a strange soldier. She did not get away from that morning hour all day. All the noon was morning to her. There was ever the gray film of dawn in the air, and the brown eyes pursuing her wherever she turned. They were her secret shame and disgrace. Her cheek flushed and her eyes lowered at their memory. Yet when she fell asleep that night she repeated softly to herself, "I shall come again;" and in her voice was a thrill of something which was not all anger.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPTAIN SWORD VISITS CAPTAIN PEN.

LATE that evening Robert Douglas's solitude was broken in on by the unwonted appearance of a visitor at his cottage door—a man who, judging by his externals, was by no means the description of guest to be expected in such a homely dwelling. From his glossy, closely-curled head to his well-fitting boots, he was a perfect representative of a handsome, high-bred-looking Englishman. He was fashionably dressed, but with a fashion that was refined by taste, and there was not a violent or inharmonious tint in his whole attire. He moved his cigar from his lips as he stood in the doorway; and called out, in a cheery voice:

"Holloa! old fellow, is that you? What a jolly night it is!"

The voice was familiar, and Douglas found himself confronted by the bright eyes and genial smile of Thurstan Mowbray.

"I'm on the march," Thurstan explained; "I came past Auriel this morning; but I couldn't come and see you then, as there was no one else with the men. At the county town I was joined by a brother officer. As soon as I could, I got into mufti, and leaving him in command, I came to the railway station. I found that I could get down here so as to spend a couple of hours with you. I was so sold to find you were out. Can you give me something to eat?"

Douglas looked perplexed.

"I do not know how much bread there may be left," he said, smiling. "I have an excellent barrel of Maçon wine sent to me by a friend in the South of France; but as to eating— Stay, I will make you some convent eggs."

"What are they?" Thurstan asked, doubtfully.

"They are better than nothing. You have often said you would make any sacrifice for me, Mowbray, and you have kept your word—you have sacrificed your dinner. What greater proof of devotion can an Englishman give?"

"I didn't sacrifice much," Captain Mowbray admitted, candidly. "The chops at the town inn are marvels of toughness. I am so glad to see you again, old fellow. You are looking better than you used to do."

"I can not return the compliment," Douglas said, looking up from his culinary occupation. "You are looking more than three years older than when I last saw you."

"I have drunk many more bottles of wine, have incurred four times the number of debts, and have fallen in and out of love so often—of course it all tells on a man."

"Which is the worst phase of suffering, the debts or the love affairs?" Douglas asked, smiling.

"Oh, the debts! Women forget, but creditors never do. Women are forgotten; but how can you obliterate from your mind the daily necessity of obtaining more things on credit? I really think I shall have to change into the Line." And Captain Mowbray looked as M. Curtius may have looked as he surveyed the unfathomable horror of the Forum gulf.

"Dinner is served," Douglas announced, gravely, as he placed a steaming savory mess of eggs and herbs on the deal table.

Daintiness was not among Captain Mowbray's faults. He ate heartily of the dish, and then looked gratefully at his host.

"You always were a clever fellow, by Jove!" he said, with profound admiration. "And this wine has a wondrously delicate flavor. Where did you get it from?"

"From Maçon."

"Oh! I remember—the place where the women wear those rummy hats. I have been abroad since I saw you, Douglas. I followed your advice, and went first to Paris."

"And did Paris have a consolatory effect?"

"Well, I certainly felt much better after I had been there a fortnight. As Mlle. C—— said, 'Life is too short for regret, and too long for constancy.' Not but what I would have followed that woman (Lady Di I mean) to the Antipodes if she had beckoned to me with her little finger."

"But she did not beckon?"

"No! she went to Italy and joined the Ormes' party. I believe her intention was to become Lady Orme; but Orme is so obtuse he didn't see it. I don't suppose he would have ever understood her drift unless she had asked him point-blank to marry, and then he'd have said, 'I'll think about it.' There is no victim so difficult to capture as the one who vacillates. She would have missed the mark there from the unsteadiness of the object aimed at."

"And where is she now?"

"Back in England. I have only seen her once since her return."

"And then?"

"Then she looked at me with such a sweet, unconscious expression, that she all but deluded me into the belief that there had never been any thing between us worth remembering. Clairveaux was in attendance; and although I had fancied I had entirely ceased to care for her, I was sufficiently irritated by her conduct to plunge into an ostentatious flirtation with Amelia Orme."

"And what said Lady Diana?"

"She merely smiled to herself. I think she guessed my motives," Thurstan said, gloomily.

"'She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you,'" quoted Douglas.

"Yes; I suppose she did it to get a rise out of me," Captain Mowbray observed, innocent of the quotation. "But this was nearly two years ago. I should know better how to act indifference now. I have consorted more with all classes of women, and have learned some of their tricks."

"Your experience does not seem to have increased your respect for the sex," Douglas remarked, dryly.

"Why should it?" the young man said, indifferently. "Virtue is as obsolete as peg-top trowsers; innocence is out of fashion, and for my part I have no wish to see it revived. It makes life much easier for us, matters being as they are."

"Life might be easier, especially in hot weather, if we all followed the primitive customs of our forefathers, and went about wearing no other sacrifice to decency than a suit of blue woad," Douglas answered, impatiently. "I wish you wouldn't talk in this sort of way about women, Mowbray; I assure you it is not at all in good taste. Men should never speak ill of their country, nor disparage the women of their race; both are much as we make them."

"Why, you used to be more severe against the sex than any one," his friend said, surprised. "One would think you were in love."

It has been said that Captain Mowbray was shrewd.

"Hush!" Douglas cried, sharply. "Do not talk of love and me together. What has an age embittered by the memories of the past, a wrinkled face, and an uncouth form, to do with the morning-bloom of youth? I am too tired—too sore with long wretchedness—to wrestle with the cruel strength of the passion of love. Its heavenly exultation, its hellish despair, would destroy me. My life has been for years one long waste; but it, at least, has been calm. If I felt my heart's repose troubled, it would be well for me to die."

He spoke with what appeared to be undue energy; his large eyes flashed light from their cavernous recesses, and his lips quivered like those of one who is hurt and dreads to show his pain. Captain Mowbray looked at him with as much wonder as a well-bred man permits himself to feel.

"I do not see why you need talk of wrinkles and uncouthness," he said, presently. "You looked like a head of Jupiter Tonans just now when you were excited. There are no end of women who would like you a thousand times better than me."

Douglas shook his head impatiently.

"What has become of Clairveaux?" he asked, by way of changing the conversation.

"Oh! Clairveaux has placed his hand, a considerable portion of his fortune, and all his volition in the care of a wife. Lady Clairveaux is not strictly pretty, but she is 'svelte.' She has a French woman's art of making the best of herself and her opportunities. Clairveaux believes her to be a Susanna, while she boasts herself a Bathsheba."

"And De Smith?"

"De Smith is Lady Clairveaux's favored admirer and Clairveaux's most intimate friend. But what a memory you have, Douglas! Fancy your recollecting all these fellows!"

"It is one of my misfortunes," Douglas said, "that I can never forget any thing. Memories are sorrow's fetters: they hold down our pain round us with cruel tenacity long after the wounds have been dealt. How much happier some of us would be if we might take nightly draughts from the Lethean river!"

"I don't know where that river may be. I'd go and 'liquor up' there like a shot if I thought it would help me to forget the total of my tailor's bill," Captain Mowbray said, simply. "Oh, Douglas! you can't think how it *bores* one to be poor."

"You mean how it bores one to seem *not* to be poor: you young fellows expend so much more on pretension than you do on pleasure. If you did not lavish your money in doing what is called the 'right thing' you would have more to spend in real luxury."

"What is your idea of real luxury?"

"You do not think I am likely to be a good judge of what the word means," Douglas said, observing his friend's eyes glancing round the barely-furnished room; "but be sure that no lover of fruit has ever appreciated its beauty as Tantalus did. Twenty years ago I reveled in what I called luxury. I sought for and found the most lovely aspects of Nature. I witnessed, and in some cases possessed, some of man's most perfect handicraft. I had rare paintings on my walls—Magdalens, by Guido, with mellow faces that looked as if they were dropping to sleep in the sunset, oppressed by the wealth of their own warm tresses. I had Cupids, by Rubens, tumbling their fair limbs in deep gorgeous-colored piles of fruit. I delighted in those dear little sensitive, sensual faces by Greuze; and I mortgaged a portion of my future heritage for the sake of a deep-toned Murillo. I specify these to show you that I revel in color, and that my eyes do not for choice rest on these bare white walls, which are never adorned by aught gay and brilliant, excepting when a butterfly takes it into its wanton head to perch there for an instant, furling and unfurling its velvety wings in the warmth of a stray sunbeam. I won't bore you by dilating on my appreciation of form; but the refined artist who moulds beauty in marble, carving from the uncouth mass dimpling feet that seem to move through the air as lightly as down—who creates mutable beauty with an immutable substance—who carves tremulous smiles round ever-still lips, and produces from the hueless stone limbs which stir the heart to a quicker pulse with their voluptuous representation of perfect human loveliness—he (were he a modern Phidias) could not estimate grace of outline more highly than myself. When I was a lad of eighteen most of my leisure time was spent in my father's library—a room full of grave shadows, and formal, sombre-colored furniture. In a niche by the window stood the one grace to the room—an exquisite copy in marble of the Florentine Venus Anadyomene. I can not describe to you the subtle emotion which the contemplation of this crouching lovely creature awoke in me. Her virginal face haunted me in my dreams. I imaged the shell on which she rested floating in tideless seas. I pictured her, with her perfect limbs, rosied by the moving veil of cool waters, her filleted head gleaming like a sparkling star in the blue depths. I would fain have fallen down and kissed the little round feet into the one charm they wanted—that of living blushing loveliness. I caressed with reverent fingers the arms modestly crossed on her breast. Her curved wrist, her dimpled, undulating shoulders, her pear-shaped bosom, half concealed by the shrinking posture, inspired me even then with an appreciation, which was almost rapturous in its intensity, of beauty in its highest form. Judge then, Mowbray, whether my taste is gratified by the sight of hideous, crook-backed old women who stumble through these lanes on Sunday on their way to seek their afternoon doze in church, or by the contemplation of their younger descendants—girls whose limbs are enlarged by labor, whose aspects are harsh from continual toil, whose faces are rough as those of men, and whose hair is as coarse as that of horses."

Captain Mowbray thought of the girl he had left trembling amidst the ferns on the previous morning, and mentally decided that his friend was unfortunate in his rural experiences.

"According to your own definition your present mode of life is joyless and utterly unattractive to your senses. How is it that you seem content?" he asked, stifling a yawn with an inhalation of cigarette smoke.

"Pain is sharper than pleasure is sweet," the elder man said, pithily. "I am content to resign the manifold satisfactions of wealth that I may escape an attendant bitterness which would more than neutralize their enjoyment. I have at least known one great luxury during these latter years of poverty and solitude, which I lacked in the old days when I was in and of the world."

"And that is—?"

"The companionship of a pure and sinless life."

"A woman," Captain Mowbray muttered to himself. "I thought as much." Aloud he said, "Who keeps the old house at Auriel?"

Douglas did not answer for a moment; then he spoke hesitatingly. "An old man called Moore, who was, I believe, placed there by your father."

"Oh! is there no one else?"

"Yes, an equally old woman—a cottager, who, as the Essex people say, 'does for him.'"

Captain Mowbray looked disappointed. "I wonder if there is any game there," he said; "because I might run down for a few days in the shooting season. I am ashamed of myself for knowing so little about the old place. I haven't visited it since I was a boy."

"There isn't a head of game on the place," Douglas replied, hastily.

"Well, good-night, dear old fellow!" Thurstan said, rising and buttoning up his great-coat. "I have no end of things to talk to you about; but I haven't time now, as I must get back to the men. I hope to see you again later in the year, for Lord Airdale, the Master of hounds (his place is only ten miles from you), always asks me down in the hunting season. We will go over Auriel together some day then. I dare say you already know more about the books and pictures than I do. Good-by."

"I will walk with you to the railway," Douglas said; and the two went together to S——.

As they shook hands at the station Douglas gave his friend a parting counsel.

"This is an awfully bad country for hunting. It is thickly inclosed with new-made fences; the banks are sharp as knives, and not nearly so firm; what grass there is is cut up by mardykes. I can not imagine any one who is accustomed to a flying country coming for this creep and crawl—this pitch and toss style of thing."

"What a fellow that is!" Thurstan said to himself, as the train moved out of the station. "Here I have known him all these years, and never found out before that he had an inkling of what the word hunting meant. I suspect his is an odd history. I wonder if he will ever enlighten me as to who he is or was. Not that it matters. His saving my life is quite antecedent enough for me. The country is all he says. I shall bring down Blackberry and Bramble to Airdale's. They are quite clever enough. What a pretty girl that was! I feel quite sorry to think that by to-morrow night I shall have left her sixty miles behind me. I dare say Amelia Orme will be very glad to see me. And, after all, women are very much alike; only that girl in the hedgerow didn't wear a lump of false hair, and the color didn't come off her cheek when I kissed her; on the contrary, it grew redder. In these respects she is decidedly dissimilar to other women."

MY FIRST PROPOSAL.

AT last, the long day's haying done,
  I turned to leave the fragrant meadow,
Where, on the grass, the setting sun
  Before me cast my lengthened shadow.

I struck a narrow path that ran
  By Lovell's farm, a crooked by-way
Which somewhere thereabout began,
  And ended on the dusty highway.

It reached their barn-yard first of all,
  Then wandered through a wooded hollow,
And darted past an old stone-wall,
  As if inviting you to follow;

It climbed a hill where all the day
  The crows rehearsed a mimic Babel;
It crossed a brook which flowed that way,
  Then slid beneath our barn's brown gable.

A shorter cut it was that led
  To our own homestead from the meadow,
And so I followed it instead,
  And on before me went my shadow.

Then nearing Lovell's farm I heard
  The white-horned cattle faintly lowing,
While, bubbling, in the bright pails stirred
  The milk from well-filled udders flowing.

I glanced beyond the barn-yard wall,
  And there sat Katy milking "Speckle,"
The favorite cow among them all,
  Her fine coat flecked with many a freckle.

Then up got Katy—so by that
  I knew her milking done—and straightway,
While my own heart went pit-a-pat,
  Came toward me through the open gateway.

The sun dropped down from out the sky,
  And left the west with rich gold laden;
An awkward country lad was I,
  And Katy but a simple maiden.

Her eyes met mine, as if by chance,
  Not knowing who it was; then shyly,
'Neath drooping lids, withdrew their glance,
  Then back again to mine stole slyly.

With that last look my courage grew;
  I said—it may have been I swore it—
She was the sweetest girl I knew,
  And told her how I loved her for it.

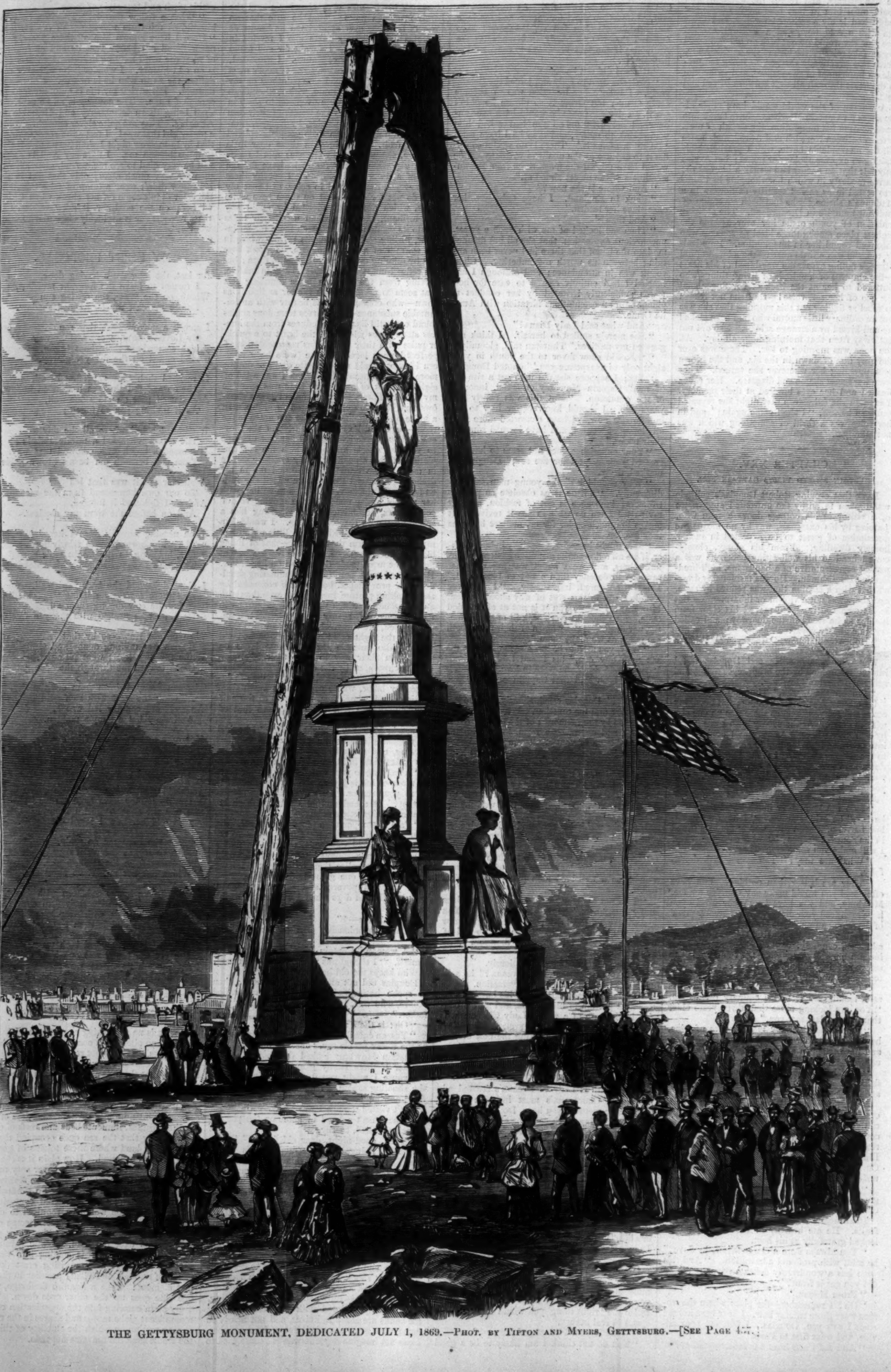
Perhaps she gave me no reply,
  Perhaps it was the night's gray curtain,
Slow-falling from the twilight sky,
  Which left her answer so uncertain.

Then winding homeward, torn with doubt,
  The tree-toads trilled their firm conviction;
The patriarch frogs, with deep bass shout,
  Grew hoarse and loud in contradiction.

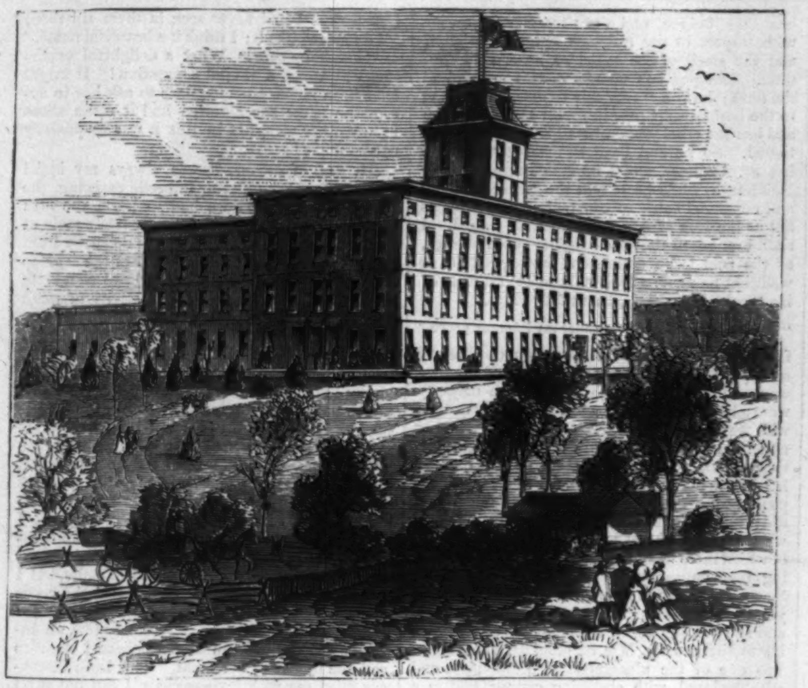
The katydids pronounced both ways;
  But ere the moon was one hour older
I sat beneath its silvery rays
  With Katy's head upon my shoulder.

GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.

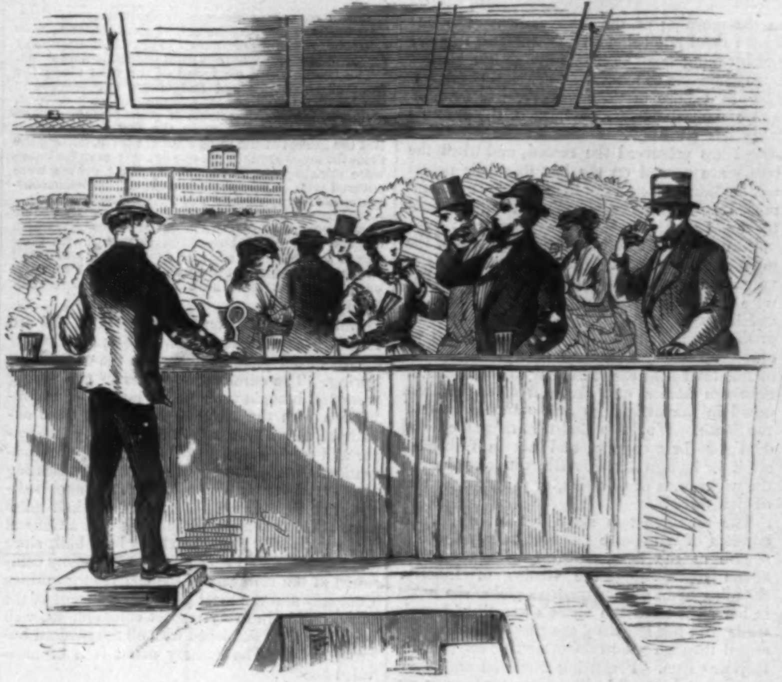
THERE is no such thing as perfect rest in nature. If no alterations occurred there would be no progress. It does not require a scientific education to convince any one of common understanding that the hills and dales were once under water. On the highest mountain peaks in Syria, between Jerusalem and Damascus, the traveler sees marine shells which belonged to a primitive sea. Far inland, on the Atlantic borders of the Southern States, immense beds and reefs of coral show clearly that the sea once occupied the regions of dry land where these tokens of geological changes are found. How plain it is that the mighty seas and oceans which cover very nearly two-thirds of the earth's surface are slowly but steadily shifting their borders! So gradual are the movements of the waters that centuries of careful observation would be required to define the exact rate of encroachment in some countries. But snail-paced as it is, the water gradually creeps over the land. While gaining in one direction new land is coming into view in another, bringing on its uprising crest the remains of animals and plants peculiar to the watery element! Like a Spanish fandango, while one side goes up the other goes down. Thus every atom entering into the organization of this magnificent globe moves and shares in the never-ending motion on which the stability of this and the whole material universe depends.



THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT, DEDICATED JULY 1, 1869.—Phot. by Tipton and Myers, Gettysburg.—[See Page 457.]



GETTYSBURG SPRINGS HOTEL.



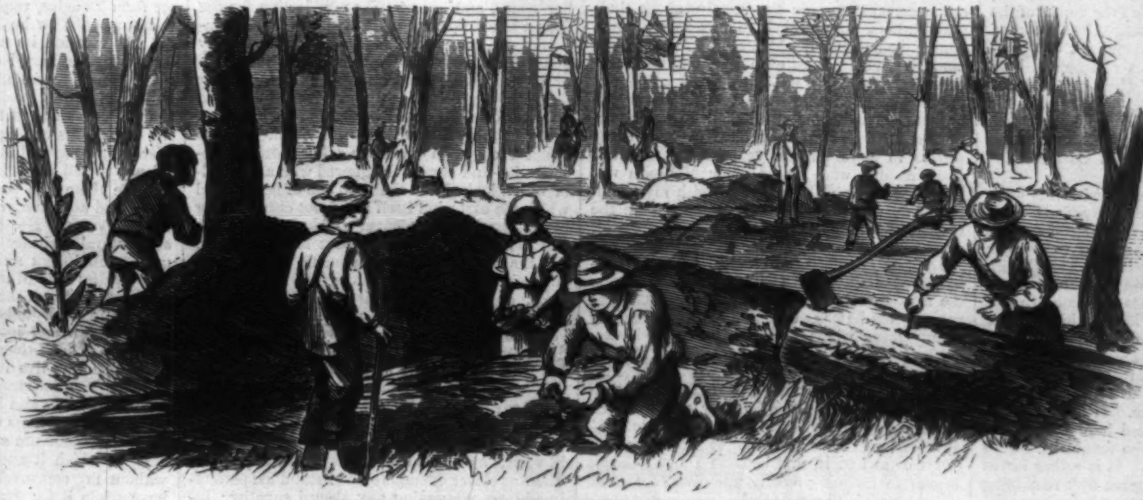
GETTYSBURG SPRING.

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

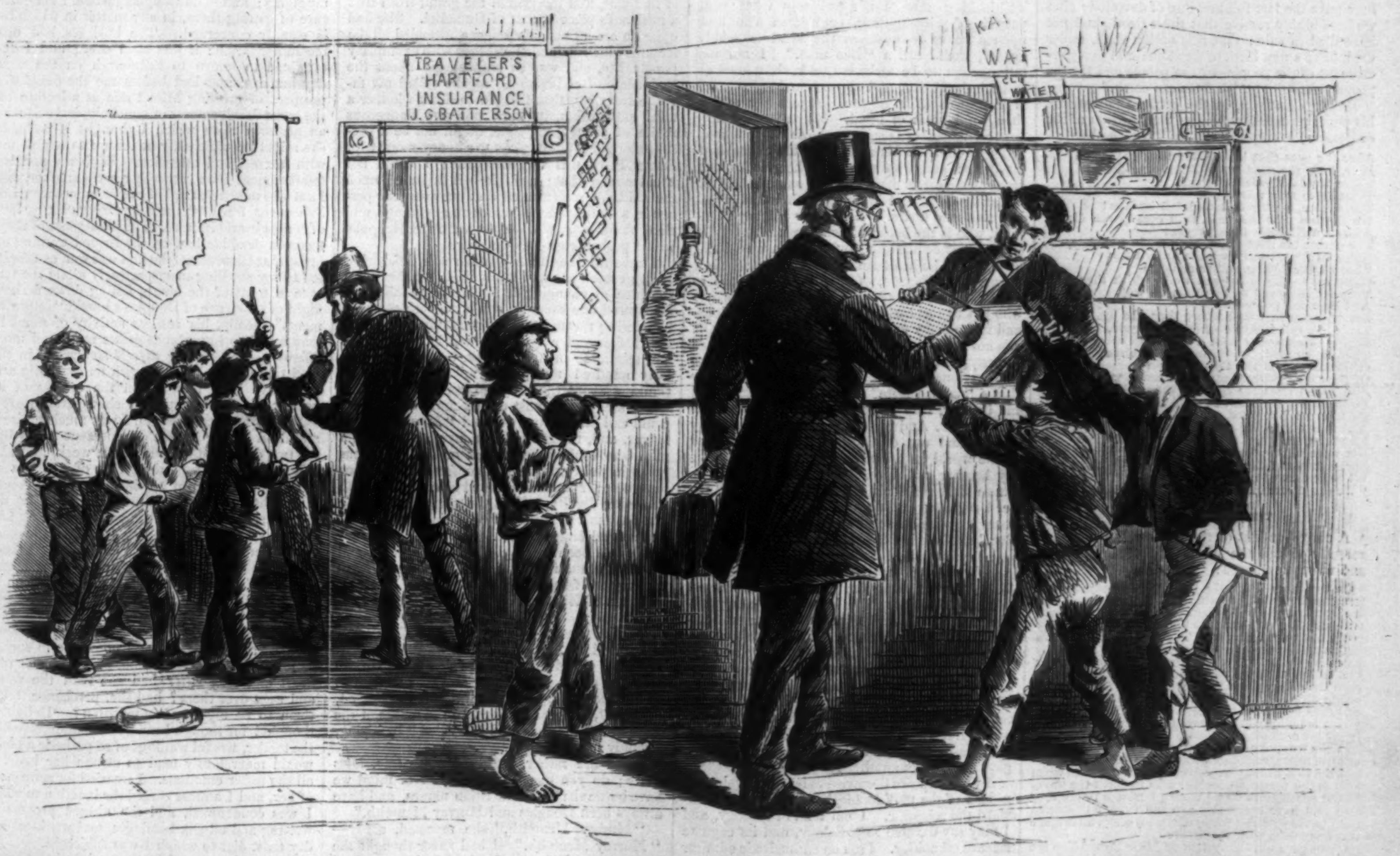
On the 1st of July the Monument erected by the loyal States to the memory of those who perished on the battle-field of Gettysburg was formally dedicated. It is erected in the cemetery in which the soldiers were buried where they fell. Fifteen thousand people were present at this dedication.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher made the opening prayer. General Meade made an appropriate speech, recalling the history of the battle. An address was read by Senator O. P. Morton. He gave an eloquent review of the progress which Freedom has made during the last decade on both continents. He spoke of that 4th of July, 1863, as the most memorable since that of 1776. It was not only a day of victory in the East. "On another field it witnessed the surrender of another large rebel army to the great chieftain of the war, now our illustrious President. The capture of Vicksburg opened the navigation of the Mississippi River, and severed from the Confederacy all that part of its territory lying west of that river. The loss to the Confederacy was irreparable. It was cut off from its chief source of supplies. The limits of the war were greatly circumscribed. The mass of the rebel population was demoralized, and began to despair. From that day it became manifest that the rebellion could not succeed unless the Southern people exhibited that endurance, patience under adversity, and high devotion that will sacrifice every thing for the cause, which, as it turned out, they did not possess. By our victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg the rebellion lost its prestige in Europe and all hopes of foreign intervention."

"At the foot of this Monument," he continued, "sleep the heroes of the battle. Here lie the father, the husband, the brother, and the only son. In far-off homes, among the hills of New England, on the shores of the lakes, and in the valleys and plains of the West, the widow, the orphan, and the aged parent are weeping for these beloved dead. Many of the tombs are marked "unknown," but they will all be recognized



GATHERING RELICS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.



RELIC-SELLERS, GETTYSBURG.

on the morning of the resurrection. The unknown dead left behind them kindred, friends, and breaking hearts. None die so humble but leave some one to mourn. 'Perished at Gettysburg, in defense of their country,' 979 men, of whose names, homes, or lineage, there is no trace left on earth. Doubtless the Recording Angel has preserved the record, and when the books are opened on the last day their names will be found in letters of living light, on the immortal page of heroes who died that their country might live.

"In the fields before us are the graves of the rebel dead, now sunk to the level of the plain, 'unmarked, unhonored, and unknown.' They were our countrymen, of our blood, language, and history. They displayed a courage worthy of their country and of a better cause, and we may drop a tear to their memory. The news of this fatal field carried agony to thousands of Southern homes, and the wail of despair was heard in the everglades and orange-groves of the South. Would to God that these men had died for their country, and not in fratricidal strife for its destruction. Oh, who can describe the wickedness of rebellion, or paint the horrors of civil war?"

The monument is sixty feet in height. It consists of a massive pedestal twenty-five feet square at the base, crowned with a colossal statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Standing upon a three-quarters globe, she holds in her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with her left hand she clasps the sheathed sword through whose uncovered power the victory was won. Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses supporting an equal number of allegorical statues, representing respectively War, History, Peace, and Plenty. War is personified by a statue of the American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle, which the monument is intended to commemorate. History, in a listening attitude, records, with stylus and tablet, the achievement of the field and the names of the honored dead. Peace is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic characterized by appropriate accessories. Plenty is represented by a female figure with a sheaf of wheat and fruits of the earth, typifying peace and abundance as the soldier's crowning triumph. The monument was designed by JAMES G. BATTERSON, of Hartford, Connecticut. The statues are of Carrara marble, and were executed in Italy.

It is impossible, in connection with this dedication, to forget the 19th of November, 1863, when President LINCOLN, standing upon the battle-field, delivered that short but memorable address, which will forever be associated with the greatest victory of the war. "In a larger sense," he said, "we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

BAYARD TAYLOR, in the opening passage of his poem repeated by him on the occasion of the dedication, beautifully alludes to this address:

After the eyes that looked, the lips that spake
Here, from the shadows of impending death,
Those words of solemn breath,
What voice may fitly break
The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him!
We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,
And, as a Nation's litany, repeat
The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete,
Noble as then, but now more sadly sweet:
"Let us, the Living, rather dedicate
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,
And save the periled State!
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,
Their last full measure of devotion gave,
Highly resolve they have not died in vain!—
That, under God, the Nation's later birth
Of Freedom, and the People's gain
Of their own Sovereignty, shall never wane
And perish from the circle of the earth!"
From such a perfect text, shall Song aspire
To light its faded fire,—
And into wandering music turn
Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern?
His voice all elegies anticipated;
For, whatsoe'er the strain,
We hear that one refrain,
"We consecrate ourselves to them, the Consecrated!"

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* has recently visited the battle-field of Gettysburg, and writes as follows:

On Seminary Ridge the trees and fences are shattered and riddled, showing plainly how fierce was the contest where the fight began. Here we found two bullets, one driven into the other so far that they could not be pulled apart. The supposition is that a Union and a rebel sharp-shooter aimed so accurately for each other, and fired at so near the same time, that the bullets met, and one being a little more dense than the other, pierced the one coming from the opposite direction. Both fell, of course, to the ground, and thus prevented the death of both the marksmen, which must have been the result had the bullets merely grazed each other.

When we spoke of this curiosity at the hotel a whole army of relic speculators wished to purchase it. Doubtless the sum which we received for it was trebled when sold to the memento seekers who frequent the town. These speculators do a thriving business in the relic line, and have every thing to sell from a 100-pound shell to the smallest wares of the toy-shop, all in some way connected with the battle.

Canes cut from Culp's Hill or Little Round Top are for sale in many shop-windows, and if the purchaser is a little incredulous and inclined to doubt that the canes came from those places, they will march out with him, take any sapling he may select, and make it into a cane in a remarkably short space of time. This business has become one of great importance to Gettysburg, and it is proposed to introduce machinery for the manufacture of toys from the battle-field wood.

The traces which we found of the fight along the front of Hancock's and Sedgwick's line—except in the blasted peach orchard—were not very distinct, owing to the growing fields of grain and the repairs which have been put upon the few farm-houses. But the graves of the rebel dead are there, dotting the fields for miles around. In one or two places the bones were sticking out, but generally their graves were covered with clover, and had none of that barbarously neglected appearance they have in the South.

At Little Round Top the bullet scars are still visible on the rocks, while several large flat stones near which officers were killed have been engraved with their names and the date of their death. The stone-wall which the troops threw up as a breast-work is still entire, and the trees have not yet outgrown their wounds.

Our illustrations on pages 456 and 457 are mainly from sketches by THEODORE R. DAVIS.

One of our pictures represents the Gettysburg Spring. The curative properties of this spring were first brought prominently into notice in connection with the battle. The rebels were encamped about it, and their sick drank of its water and experienced relief. Adjoining the illustration of the spring we give another representing the Gettysburg Springs Hotel. This hotel is situated on the battle-field, one and one-half miles west of Gettysburg, near the spot where General REYNOLDS fell. This hotel has been built since the middle of February last, by a company composed of the members of the Gettysburg Springs Company and the most prominent citizens of the town. It is in every respect commodious, well appointed, and furnished with all the modern improvements. The scenery about it is of unrivaled beauty.

MY NAMESAKE AND I.

MY name is Murray Menteith, and I wish it wasn't. At least, I don't exactly wish it wasn't, because it is a pretty name, and a *good* name, which is more important. Common people, who are uncertain, or only too certain, about their grandfathers, are not likely to have such a name among them as Murray Menteith. My brother's name is Douglas, and even that circumstance, otherwise gratifying, has proved inconvenient to me in connection with the horrid fatality which has pursued and come up with me on several occasions already, and may have ever so many shocks in store for me yet; so that, while I don't exactly wish that Murray Menteith was not my name, and Douglas Menteith my brother's, I do wish very sincerely that we were the only Murray and Douglas Menteith in the world, or at any rate in this part of it.

Douglas has not been pursued by the above-indicated fatality, and I had rather not mention the matter to him; for his nature is somewhat rugged, and he has an odious habit of laughing at any thing which he considers a good joke, perfectly indifferent to the sensitive feelings which may be lacerated by the witticism. Perhaps his turn may come, and then he will welcome the sympathy of a brother whom he has hitherto regarded rather in the light of a "muff," just because I have a turn for sentiment and am not ashamed of it, and because I don't devote myself to fatiguing bodily exercises, for cruel purposes, which he calls field-sports.

I am studious, well-informed, and decidedly well-looking, though not precisely what your patrons of prize-fighting, or women who look upon a heavy dragoon as the ideal of manly beauty, would call a "fine man." I am not tall enough to be awkward, nor short enough to be insignificant, and my personal appearance is indicative of intellectual superiority and a thoughtful habit of mind. My namesake may possibly resemble Douglas, who is a big fellow, given to cultivate his muscles at the expense of his brains, and who subscribes heartily to that creed which has been pithily summarized as "fearing God, and walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours." The other Murray Menteith, who is the bodily presentment of my "fatality," may be like him; indeed, I have no doubt he is, for as he has been described to me he is a coarse sort of person, of practical tastes—as it is the fashion to call those horrid energetic people who put themselves into perpetual perspirations, and make every one else uncomfortable; but he can not possibly resemble me. But that I regard the expression in a Shakspearian and therefore unobjectionable sense, I should not like to say that a "cursed spite" caused my namesake and his brother, who is my brother's namesake, to arrive at St. Andrews—an institution, as every one in and out of Scotland knows, unrivaled in the world as a seat of learning—just before my brother and I quitted the classic halls, to whose shelter I look back with reverence, and he, I regret to say, does not look back at all. I never happened to see the gentlemen—our "doubles," as Douglas called them; but he did the very day we left, I believe, and laughed in his big, obstreperous sort of way over some execrable joke about our being also "quits." Of course I took no notice; to rebuke him would be unbrotherly, and I endeavor to amend his taste and correct his failings by silence. I merely remarked, when the similarity of names turned up again in conversation, that it was very fortunate we were leaving the university, so that no absurd mistakes could be made, or stupid, ill-bred, practical jokes attempted. I made the remark somewhat severely—Douglas has a shockingly unrefined taste for practical joking—and I never gave the subject another thought.

My pursuits are literary—chiefly poetical, with a dash of the philosophical, and a tendency toward the scientific. I am fond of geology, and I may say devoted to philology, and its cognate science ethnology. I am an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Tennyson, Professor Huxley, Max Müller, Captain Grant, and Arminius Vambéry. I should like to go to Central Asia if it were not for the heat, the fatigue, and the necessary hypocrisy with respect to my religious opinions. That, and the smell of the camels, I never could endure. Douglas has no tastes, as I understand the term; he is a "very fair farmer," according to the barbarous phrase in use in Dumfriesshire, and has the cruel propensities I have before mentioned. So he and I parted company after we left St. Andrews, and I remained some time in Edinburgh, while he sought the secluded scenes and congenial cattle of Glentacket, as a place as flat as the Bog of Allen was absurdly named. I shall ever recall that brief period—even though, as the poet (who understood human nature so well that he made a lover talk to his mistress of his "calm light love") beautifully sings,

"Bleak as the blast of December my life may prove,"

for then I reveled in the fresh delights of literary society; I met numbers of persons of my own way of thinking; though perhaps the majority were a little superficial; and I frequently danced with Susan Price, whose only defect was her name. I allude to this frivolous, and indeed fatiguing, amusement thus emphatically because if I had not danced with Susan Price I could not possibly have enjoyed her society so much as I did; for dance she would, and dance she did, whenever and wherever she had the opportunity, of which there was no scarcity in Edinburgh, during that unusually gay and delightful season. Susan Price was the daughter of a London lawyer, the eldest daughter, report said the prettiest, and she was staying on a tolerably long visit with her mother's sister, Mrs. Sandilands, whose house was one of the pleasantest in Edinburgh, and who declared, with charming candor, and in a broad Lowland accent, that she hoped her niece would not "go south" single, but marry and settle within easy reach of Princes Street. Susan Price was a very pretty girl when I met her—at a scientific lecture, by-the-way, which gave me a high opinion of her intellect, and laid me open to surprise when I discovered the catholicity of her tastes, and her peculiar predilection for the fastest kind of dancing. Nay, I will be magnanimous, and acknowledge that she is a very pretty girl still; though the dream is ended, the sleeper is awakened; and I am—well, not exactly desolate, but certainly disconcerted. She had bright brown eyes, and bright brown hair, and a bright brown complexion, I think—but no doubt I ought to use some other word to describe it—and her cheeks glowed with a rich color which looked like the very hue of health, and which the east wind itself could not either wither or harden into coarseness or blowsiness. She had a bright brown look about her altogether, and the whitest teeth—with such a milky, innocent whiteness, though; no suggestion of snap, snarl, or moral cannibalism about them—and the sauciest smile, to be perfectly modest, and becoming a well-bred little lady, I ever saw. I don't mean to say I fell in love with Susan Price, but I walked into love with her, intentionally and deliberately. She suited me exactly, according to all my theories. She was pretty and bright, and sweet enough for me, in my capacity of poet in taste and feeling, though not yet "vulgarized in verse," as I have seen it beautifully expressed. She was clever enough to understand me perfectly without attempting any absurd equality; indeed, she was much too sensible for any thing of that sort, and recognized the grand truth that a husband's place is that of Gamaliel. She had quite an ardent taste for science, attended all the lectures which abounded just then with exemplary punctuality, and was so enthusiastic about the "pioneers of civilization," as she called my favorite travelers, that I began to think whether a mild exploration, in some not very dangerous region of the tropical zone, might not be a possible method of adding *éclat* to a honey-moon trip. Susan Price was very energetic; I could not avoid seeing that; and, though it jarred upon me a little, I remembered that one energetic person in a household was rather an advantage, and that, at all events, when we were married, she would probably give up dancing.

I have said her name was her sole defect, but I soon ceased to mind it; indeed, I rather liked the idea of changing it for her, especially as I discovered one evening, while the "sides" were blundering through the invariably impracticable fourth figure of a quadrille, and looking foolish and miserable in the attempt, that she particularly admired my patronymic. I had been thinking about the proposal, and all the other formalities which must be encountered before I could call Susan my own, and "Miss Price" no longer, and, though I flatter myself I am not a man who could possibly look or feel ridiculous under any circumstances, I confess I felt anxious that these preliminaries should be conducted with becoming dignity, and at the same time with a certain touch of originality befitting my poetical and refined temperament.

We had been talking of the new novels, and the names (and indeed the colors, for "red" was coming into fashion just then) of their heroines, and then of Highland and Scotch names in general.

"I like almost all the Macs," said Miss Price, in her decided lively way.

Then I explained to her the significance of the Mac and the O, so puzzling and meaningless to all but the Celtic ear. Her attention wandered, I thought, as I got farther into the mazes of the clans and the tartans, and I recalled it by saying, abruptly:

"We are rather proud of our name, Miss Price; do you like it? Time out of mind we have borne the same Christian names, and have always been Douglas and Murray Menteith."

"Murray Menteith," she repeated, softly—"Murray Menteith." I had never thought the name so musical, so refined; I had never liked it so much before. A swift, rosy blush spread itself over her face, and there was a look in her brown eyes I had never seen in them till then. "I do indeed like it; I think it a beautiful name."

What happiness! What a delightful opportunity! What a capital suggestion! It might have been rather commonplace to ask her to accept the name she admired had it come about in any other way, but in this it was exquisitely opportune.

Ah yes, of course, it was always my luck! The "sides" left off their imbecile capering, the music changed, and we had to begin the fifth figure, danced, too, in the deadly-lively style at present in vogue, in which one is debarred from the brief but delightful familiarity of the "galop round." When we were at liberty to stand still again Miss Price, whose fatal activity of mind made it hopeless to attempt to renew a conversation of which the thread had been broken, plunged into a discussion about the imperial quadrilles, and the *valse à deux temps*, or "waltz, ah, don't attempt it," as Douglas called it, not once, which might have been pardoned as a youthful indiscretion, but every time he could drag the joke (!) into the conversation. That was my last dance with Susan that night; but I did not mind that much, because I knew I should see her the next day at a "literary tea," where I had promised to read some "selections" from the poets, and I thought, after brief reflection, that such an occasion would be even more suitable than the present. I did not even hand her down stairs, but I followed in her wake, and as she tied the cords of her pretty scarlet cloak in the hall I saw the end of a piece of paper remarkably like an envelope protruding from what I believe I ought to call the tucker of her dress. This little discovery filled me with joy—security I can not say I needed—for I had copied for and sent to her in the afternoon some delightfully soothing lines on perpetual grief, which I had found in an old annual, and of course they formed the contents of the envelope thus prized and honored.

I was not a little provoked to find, when I reached my chambers that night, an urgent letter from Douglas, requesting me to go to Glentacket at once on business of importance. He did not mention its nature, but said he would send a gig—a horrid conveyance, which to my mind combines the utmost possible discomfort with the greatest possible risk—to meet me at the nearest station at four o'clock on the following day. This was a pleasant arrangement, and there was no appeal from it, as he had been careful not to tell me what I was wanted for; and suppose there had been a death in the family, and I had not gone, nobody would believe I had not known it. No, I must go; duty said so, and natural curiosity echoed it; and so I made up my mind, sent an apology and an explanation to Miss Mac Murdo for my non-appearance at the literary tea, and started for Glentacket, where I found Douglas in his usual oppressively robust health and intolerably boisterous spirits, and my aunt and the girls as uninterestingly well as women who live in the country, dine early, have no pecuniary troubles, and nothing on their minds but tracts and bead-work, are accustomed to be. The business on which Douglas had sent me so inconsiderate a summons was the sale of a farm, which it appeared he could not effect without my concurrence. I am sure he might have taken it for granted; I neither know nor care any thing about business, so long as I get my rights; and to do Douglas justice, I am quite sure of getting them, in any matter in which he is equally concerned. The business had one recommendation: it was soon over; and I determined to return to Edinburgh on the next day but one, and had before me the delightful prospect of meeting Miss Price at a lecture on the latest developments of conchological science; an occasion upon which I thought it probable she might be sufficiently at leisure to regard me with interest and attention. With my poetical temperament I am naturally a great smoker, and I am also naturally fond of gazing upon the moonlit heavens, free from the vulgarizing obstructions of domestic architecture. The indulgence of these tastes in combination, on the second evening of my stay at Glentacket (the first was wet, as usual), led to my strolling unsuspectingly along the terrace in front of the house, falling down a short flight of steps, one of Douglas's horrid "improvements"—really, his restless activity of mind in matters of no importance grows more and more offensive—and finding myself struggling in the mud of an artificial pool, with an inartistic and ineffective little fountain in the middle of it, against which I cut both my shins severely.

I caught a very bad cold, I was much bruised, and dead lame. Hence confinement to my bed for two days, to the house for a week, and also hence these presents, the plaint of a victim of circumstances and of a coincidence. Of course I thought incessantly of Susan Price and my deferred proposal; and of course I planned a number of schemes for making it, when the time should come, duly effective and elegant. I pined to learn something of her during the lengthsome days of absence. Had she danced as much as usual, while I was unable to move, except in a kind of hop at once painful and ungraceful? Perhaps to her also the hours had been "leaden-footed," and she had found no solace in society or science. Had she communed with her own heart and *been still?* had she read the verses and wept over them? had she, perchance, taken them to be my own composition? Delightful thought! for though I must needs undeceive her, the tender, woeful wailings of so pathetic a plaint would marvelously tend to attune her heart to all the softer emotions. I wearied for some news of her, and I almost cursed the inaction to which I was condemned, and the absurd process of wet-rag and oil-silk bandages, and weak-tea and dry-toast diet to which I was subjected.

At length news of her came in a most unexpected manner—no other than a letter from herself—which my sister Lucinda handed to me with a grave expression of curiosity becoming a young person of serious tendencies.

"Is that pink paper the fashion among worldlings, Murray?" she asked. (I suppose there's a particular kind of stationery for the "converted.") "Your correspondent writes rather a careless hand; and I can't say I admire the seal."

I did not know the hand (it *was* big and spluttering—a willful, wayward kind of scribbling—but characteristic, I thought afterward, and nice in its way), and I looked close at it and the seal. It bore a well-cut impression of a Cupid, in the customary full undress, carrying a lantern, his finger on his lip, and the legend was "Hush, hush!" I did not read the letter until Lucinda had left the room, which she did tossing her head with virtuous and pious indignation, and, I have no doubt, entertaining the gravest suspicions of my correspondent. Imagine my feelings when the following lines met my enraptured gaze:

"PRINCES STREET, *Tuesday.*

"MY DEAREST MURRAY,—As I have not yet heard your present address, and I can't put off writing to you on the chance of a letter which may not come for two or three days—it's well you explained that *business* engages you, Sir, or I wouldn't bear your silence patiently—I send this to St. Andrews, always, I suppose, a safe address. You will be savage when you hear that all our plans are knocked on the head; and now, after all your anxiety to get to Edinburgh, and all your impatience at the delay, you will not find me there. Papa has written to Mrs. S. to say I *must* return to London at once, though Julia is not to be married for three weeks yet, because that horrid old nuisance, Dr. Tuthill, is going up to London on Friday, and papa will have me go with him, to prevent my traveling alone, or his having the trouble of coming for me; indeed, he couldn't do that because of business. Bother business! I hope—if we get through all our troubles well, and papa can be brought round to see that, as we love each other so devotedly, and are determined never to love any other person, he had better let us marry quietly—you will never have any business; I feel sure it is the greatest barrier to domestic happiness. However, I haven't time to write about that now. I must go, that's certain; and I only wish it were as certain that I shall come back; but that depends on many things; and I think it would be better for you to come up to London and have it out with papa at once. He will be softened by Julia's wedding; and I think we may depend on mamma, when we tell her, to worry him. Of one thing, at least, you need never feel a doubt—I mean of my constancy. We may be parted by the ruthless will of an inexorable parent, by our own remorseless destiny, by any thing short of death—but in vain; I shall ever remain your own SUSAN."

My own Susan! Enchanting, heavenly, delicious; but still puzzling. There was the letter directed to St. Andrews, and forwarded to me at Glentacket; there was the signature; there was the delightful assurance. My own Susan! But who was Julia? She must suppose me far more familiar with her family and their concerns than I really was; she must have intended to tell me several things and left her intention unfulfilled; and yet "My dearest Murray," and "Your own Susan," and the whole tone of the letter—the comfortably engaged tone, the perfectly unembarrassed sentences? Had I proposed to her, and forgotten it? Had I proposed to her in a fit of somnambulism, or in a "spiritual trance?" I didn't believe in spiritualism, and openly scoffed at it—had the spirits taken this revenge upon me? It was dreadfully puzzling, and every moment's reflection decreased my first astonished pleasure. Where was the delightful embarrassment, where was the poetical emotion now? Really, Miss Price had wonderful quickness of comprehension, and had taken a hint with marvelous celerity, for I could not distinctly remember having ever given her one. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable indeed, when I happened to turn over the sheet of paper on which the letter was written, and then I saw a postscript scrawled on the other side. Remembering the proverbial value of such an addendum, I read it rather eagerly:

"I must spare a minute, darling, to tell you how good I think you for not objecting to my dancing. I really am fond of it for its own sake, and I don't care a bit for my partner, whoever he may be. And then, I have always your last letter next my heart, which dances too, and I think of you all the time. There's a queer little man I meet almost every where, and I really like dancing with him. You'll laugh when I tell you why—because he has nice little feet, and never tears my dress; because he is so silly and romantic and conceited that he goes on talking forever about himself, and the books he reads, and the things he likes, so that one need scarcely talk at all, and I can think of you without being interrupted; and last, and most of all, because his name is—Murray Menteith."

An explanatory postscript with a vengeance! I pass over my feelings in silence. Poor girl! She had indeed chosen the wrong casket; but I could not aid her now. How happy, how intellectual, how refined a life might have been hers! I proceed to my actions. To write upon the letter, "Opened by, but not for me, Murray Menteith," to hand it to the postman, and abandon it to the dreary vicissitudes of official destiny, would have been the simplest course. To have inclosed it in an indignant letter to the misguided Susan, and sent a copy to her papa, warning him that the wife of his bosom was about to "worry" him, would have been the course adopted by mere vulgar vindictiveness. I trust I am not vindictive; I know I am incapable of vulgarity. *Noblesse oblige*, and I am confident that even *the other* Murray Menteith is a gentleman. I placed the letter in a large envelope, I sealed it with the imposing armorial seal of the Menteiths, I addressed it to "Murray Menteith, Esq., St. Andrews. If absent, to await arrival." And I determined to forget Susan Price there and then, a resolution to which circumstances have not permitted me to adhere.

I have alluded to a "fatality." Can I do less when at least a dozen letters of congratulation addressed to the other Murray Menteith, on the occasion of his marriage with the misguided girl, reached me instead? Is it less a "fatality" that I am constantly rallied on my state matrimonial; that people are always requesting an introduction to my wife; that I am subjected to constant expense and trouble in sending back parcels that don't belong to me, and do belong to Miss Price's husband; and that I have good reason to believe much missing property of mine is at this moment in their possession? Lastly, is it any thing less than a fatality that the scientific and literary world—the world of taste, *my* world, in short—are always making extraordinary mistakes, of which he invariably reaps the benefit, between my namesake and me?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CLINTON, a remarkably pretty village in the township of Kirkland, nine miles south of Utica, is pervaded by that pleasant literary atmosphere which marks the seat of a popular educational institution. And now, at this season, when College Commencements are occurring in all parts of the country, Hamilton College is a point of interest in many home circles, and demands a share of public attention. This year Commencement at Hamilton takes place next week, on Thursday, July 15, various other exercises connected therewith occupying several previous days. The Senior Class, which numbers forty-one, bears a good reputation for scholarly ability, and one of its members is said to take a higher rank than any previous graduate.

The College buildings are situated on an eminence about a mile from the village—a location which affords the students abundance of exercise, as many of them board in the village. The Astronomical Observatory contains a valuable telescope and other instruments. Since 1861 eight asteroids have been there first discovered; and under the charge of Dr. Peters the enthusiasm of this department is well sustained.

Hon. William Curtis Noyes, of New York city, who died a few years ago, bequeathed his valuable Law library, consisting of about five thousand volumes, to Hamilton College. Although it is to be regretted that so choice a collection of books should not have been located in a more central place, where a greater number of professional men could have had access to it, yet the Hamilton students are thus afforded unusual advantages. A handsome Library building is now nearly completed, which will furnish a place for about sixty thousand volumes. The College grounds are spacious and tastefully laid out, a great variety of trees and shrubs adding beauty to "College Hill," as it is called. A fine view of the village and of the city of Utica is obtained from this point.

In addition to Hamilton College, Clinton contains several literary institutions of well-known merit. Houghton Female Seminary bears a good repute, as also the Clinton Liberal Institute, which has both a male and female department. About fifteen young girls form a select school, occupying the cozy-looking Cottage Home Seminary; and the Rural High School, under the charge of Professor A. P. Kelsey, affords a pleasant home to boys, with careful training and thorough preparation for college or for business. Among the various literary societies, which exist in Clinton as in many other places, is one worthy of imitation. The "Irving Pamphlet Club," composed of about fifteen gentlemen, not only hold their regular meetings for social discussion, but subscribe for a large number of the best English and American periodicals, which are circulated among the members, thus giving to each, at comparatively little expense, a variety of valuable reading.

It is stated that a year ago Mr. David A. Wells was the author of what has proved to be a remarkable document. It was a carefully prepared estimate that the Government receipts for the year would be $356,700,000, and the expenditures $326,300,000. It now turns out that the receipts have been, in round numbers, $360,000,000, and the expenditures $325,000,000. Such an exact estimate is wonderful.

A late writer on Woman Suffrage says that the reform proposed by the most progressive advocates of this movement is "an attempt to make trumpets out of flutes, and sun-flowers out of violets!"

The Prince of Wales has just laid the first stone of a new asylum for idiots. The *Independent* remarks "there is something rather appropriate about that performance!"

At New Hampton, England, some houses, designed for laborers, have been built in a novel style. Straw is compressed into slabs, soaked in a solution of flint, to render them fire-proof, both sides coated with a kind of cement, and of these slabs the cottages are built. By ingenious contrivances the quantity of joiner's work is much reduced, and the chimney is so constructed as to secure warmth with the smallest consumption of fuel, and at the same time to heat a drying-closet. The cost of a single cottage of this description, combining "all the requirements of health, decency, and comfort," is £85.

There are one hundred and thirty compositors employed to set the types of the London *Times*, sixty by day and seventy at night; while eleven foremen and assistants direct their movements. Twenty-four persons are required to read proofs, and three are employed merely to "pull" the proofs.

An outside accompaniment of the Peace Jubilee was a baby-show. A reporter remarked: "On entering Tremont Temple you hear a sound as of the articulate 'sw-w-p! sw-p! sw-p!' repeated many times and all at once, interspersed with voices as of chuckling and laughter. That is only kissing the babies—three hundred, they say; and you may as well believe it, for you can't count that wriggling, multitudinous mass of young humanity. There are babies fat and babies slender; fair, rosy, dark, and actually apopletic in visage; plump and stout, and placid and driveling. There are twins, with projecting foreheads and very curly hair. There is the one-pound baby, done up in a dozen thicknesses of flannel, and the forty-pounder, rampant and overflowing his low-necked dress in folds and ripples of too-abundant flesh."

A painful catastrophe is recorded of a beautiful New York damsel, who had all the charms of maidenhood, excepting—she had black hair! Vanity and Niblo's had taught her that blonde would be more attractive—so the artist was engaged for one hundred dollars, half paid in advance. One side of the turbulent dark hair was smoothed into golden ripples, when the hairdresser, to increase his profit, resorted to inferior drugs. The effect was disastrous. Purple, and streaked, and gray, and burned, and, indeed, utterly ruinous was the last half of the professor's work. There remained for the broken-hearted semi-blonde only the poor consolation of suing for damages.

The following curious announcement lately appeared in a French paper: "M. Bernadotte, cousin to the King of Sweden, and dyer at Suresnes, presents himself as an independent and liberal candidate in the eighth district. His first meeting with his electors will take place at Combevoie, in the public house of M. Iturbide, who is heir to the Iturbide, sometime Emperor of Mexico."

The Atlanta (Georgia) University is now being erected upon one of the most commanding sites of the city. This institution will give the advantages of a thorough education to all classes without distinction of race, color, or sex. A normal class of about forty promising pupils, gathered from various parts of the State, has already been formed.

An exchange remarks that many a man keeps himself poor by indulging in two glasses of ale a day at ten cents each, seventy-three dollars; three cigars, one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents; board for a big dog, thirty dollars; in all, two hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents—sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes.

According to *Chambers's Journal*, Messrs. Blackwood, the publishers, paid George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes) $12,000 for "Silas Marner," $20,000 for "The Mill on the Floss," and $35,000 for "Romola."

A somewhat inexperienced merchant in West Troy received a good-sized box from an expressman. "What do them ere letters mean?" said he, pointing to the "C. O. D." on the corner. "Them means pay," exclaimed the emphatic expressman. "Them don't spell pay," rejoined the other. "You go along; this ere box is paid for, I know." "I tell you what," returned the expressman, the bright thought almost knocking him off the wagon seat, "them ere letters mean 'Come Ommediately Down,'" at which conclusive suggestion the man paid for the box, and the happy expressman went back over the river with a new idea in his head.

An Illinois paper is edited by a certain Mr. Steele. A man bearing the name of Doolittle desired to go into partnership with him. The proposition was declined on the ground that the firm would read bad—Steal and Do Little, or Do Little and Steal. What's in a name!

Many farmers are sadly puzzled to know what methods to adopt to keep the bugs from melon and cucumber vines. The following preventive was recently communicated to the New York Farmers' Club by a gentleman of Forest Grove, New Jersey: "The safest and surest remedy is fresh charcoal, pulverized. Dust it on the hill when the seed is put in, and again when the plants come up. If washed off by rain repeat the operation. Plants thus treated are perfectly safe, and even when covered with bugs they will often disappear on the first application." Another remedy is to saturate corn-cobs with coal-tar, and place them in the hill, near the vine, but not touching it, and it is said the bugs will soon disappear.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GEORGE. "I was sorry to hear that you had broken your arm. I suppose it pained you awfully, didn't it?"

FRANK (*with much feeling*). "It wasn't the pain, old fellow—oh no! It was being deprived of carrying my hands in my pockets which broke me down."

FEMININE TACT.

MAMMA. "Sydney, I insist on your eating that piece of meat. You should not have asked for it if you did not want it."

SYDNEY. "It's so big, ma."

SISSY. "But if you fold it up it won't look so big."

"Jim" has a precocious nephew, a lad just three years old. Playing with his kitten yesterday, Miss Kitten "got her back up" about something (kittens as well as folks often get their backs up), and scampered over the floor. Little nephew was delighted, and sang out, "Look, ma, kitten's got 'e Grecian bend!"

TO THE WEATHER-WISE.—Is a *weather* eye the same as a sheep's eye?

RULES APPLICABLE TO BUSINESS MEN.

Rule 1.—Get up late in the morning and eat a hasty breakfast.

Rule 2.—Rush at once to the cars to avoid excess of air and exercise.

Rule 3.—Wear a pair of tight boots.

Rule 4.—Eat pea-nuts, smoke cigars, drink brandy or whisky between breakfast and dinner.

Rule 5.—Lunch at a restaurant on baker's bread, soggy potatoes, and mince-pie.

Rule 6.—Do all your business in a hurry.

Rule 7.—Eat a hearty dinner at six o'clock of all sorts of indigestible compounds.

Rule 8.—Retire late. Follow these directions, and it will be easy to be miserable.

A member of the Louisiana Legislature, who carries a pair of gigantic feet, which he slings about as he walks like a pair of flails, recently accosted a well-known member of the bar with, "Mr. M——, you know me, don't you?" M——, surprised at the question, drew himself up at full length, and scanning his interlocutor from head to foot, remarked, "Well, Sir, your face is a familiar one to me, but assuredly your feet have outgrown my recollection."

ANKLES.

There's magic in a lady's foot,
  And well the ladies know it;
And she who has a pretty one
  Is pretty sure to show it.
At times you, too, are martyred by
  The nicest little ankle,
That shoots an arrow through your eye,
  Within your heart to rankle.

But when it trips along the street,
  Through wind, and mud, and vapor,
By sheerest accident you see
  How beautiful the taper;
And as it steps upon the walk,
  Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two roguish eyes look up and say,
  "I wonder if he's single."

Little Johnny was being catechised by his brother, who asked him what he was made of. Johnny replied, "You and me and papa are made of dust, and mamma and sister are made of men's wibs."

A poor old woman having been removed to the alms-house was very importunate to have an article of household furniture she had left behind. Her unceasing request was at length complied with, and men were dispatched to transfer her household property to her new abode. Imagine their surprise, on arriving at her former residence, when they found nothing but a *coffin*, which, however, they forthwith brought to the old woman, much to her joy and satisfaction, who pleasantly observed she found it very handy *to keep her gowns in!*

Heinrich Heine said: "How fortunate the Romans were that they had not to learn Latin grammar! Because, if they had done so, they could never have found time to conquer the world."

An irregular apprentice, frequently keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some *weighty* arguments to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement the master exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpering: "You know best, Sir; I believe my indentures will be out in *three months.*"

At a recent Sabbath-school concert, in a suburban church, the ordinance of baptism was administered. The clergyman in charge expressed gratification that the occasion offered him so good an opportunity to explain to the children the nature of the service. By way of illustration, he said: "In Old Testament times blood was offered as an atoning sacrifice; hence it was spoken of as a purifier; but what is used as an emblem of purity nowadays—what element conveys the idea of perfect cleanliness?" A moment's silence, and then a dozen little voices squeaked out, "Soap!"

"Boys, what is all this noise in school?"
"It's Bill Sikes imitating a locomotive."
"Come up here, William; if you have turned into a locomotive, it is time you were switched off."

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

"Every man his own tombstone" would seem to be the motto of the ingenious Grenoble man mentioned in the following paragraph:

> An odd discovery has just been made by a man of Grenoble, by which it is calculated that cemeteries and grave-yards will become superfluous. At the decease of an individual the body is plunged into a liquid invented by the man of Grenoble, and in about five years the individual is turned into stone. The secret of the petrifaction is known only to the discoverer. He says that in a thousand years' time, if persons will only preserve their relatives and friends, they will be able to build with them.

It will then be in any man's power to be the foundation of a noble house. We fear, however, it will tempt some people, who have little enough respect for the living, to chisel their deceased relatives.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

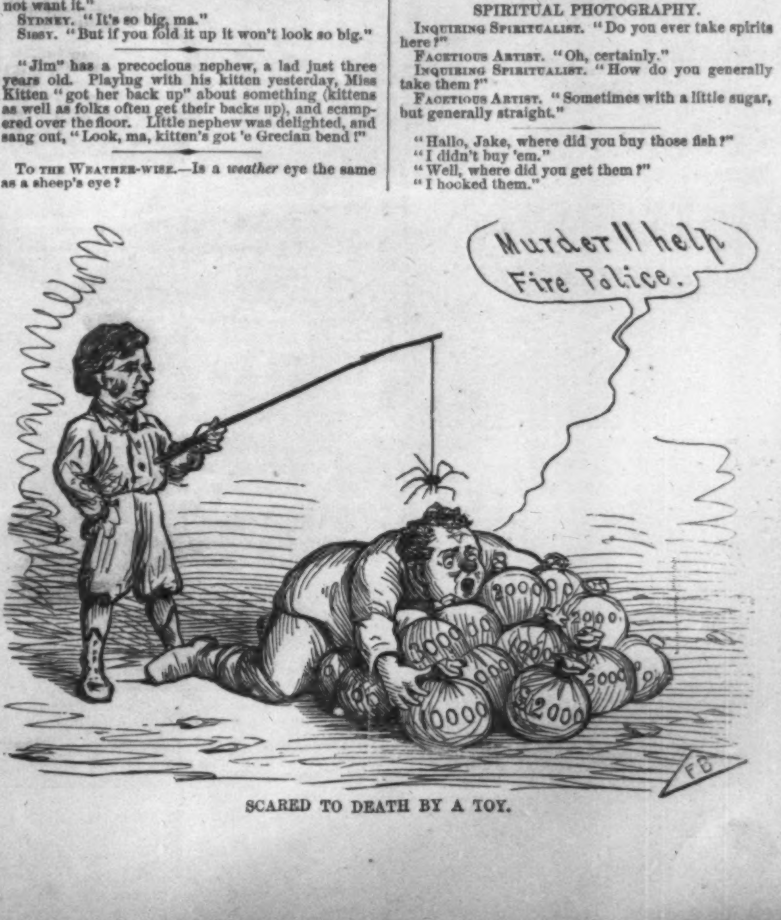
INQUIRING SPIRITUALIST. "Do you ever take spirits here?"

FACETIOUS ARTIST. "Oh, certainly."

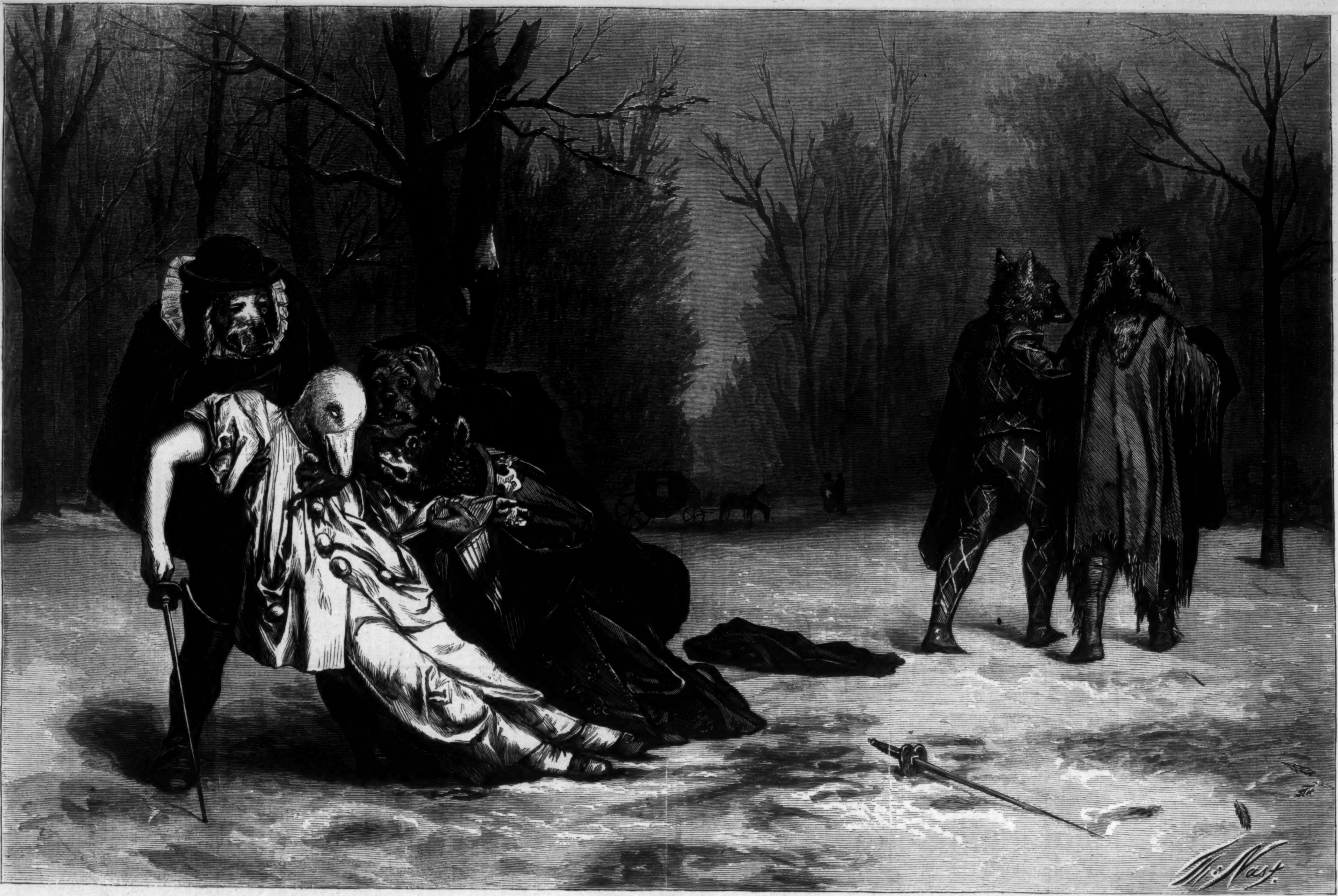
INQUIRING SPIRITUALIST. "How do you generally take them?"

FACETIOUS ARTIST. "Sometimes with a little sugar, but generally straight."

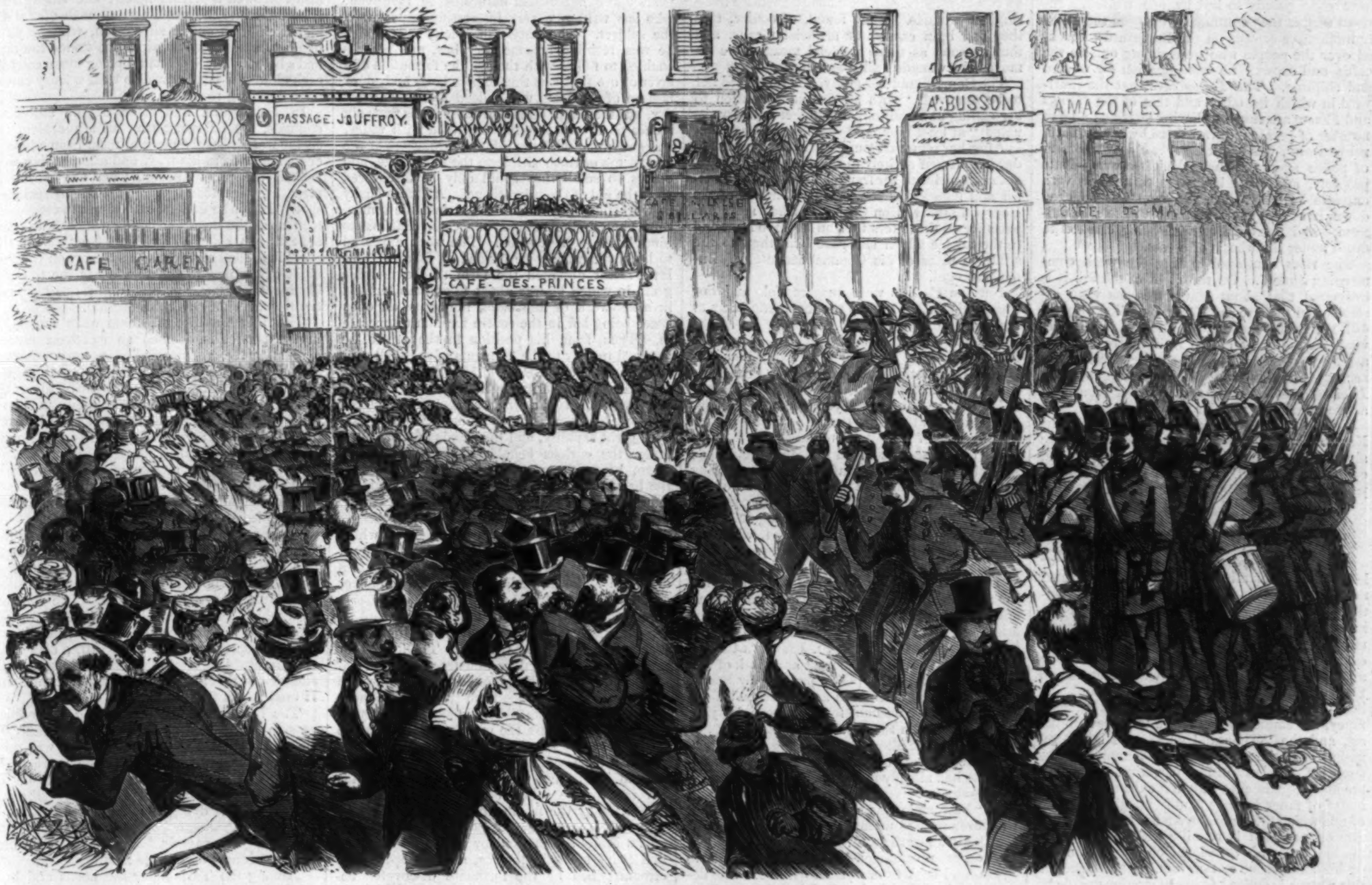
"Hallo, Jake, where did you buy those fish?"
"I didn't buy 'em."
"Well, where did you get them?"
"I hocked them."



SCARED TO DEATH BY A TOY.



A DUEL—AFTER THE SPAT.



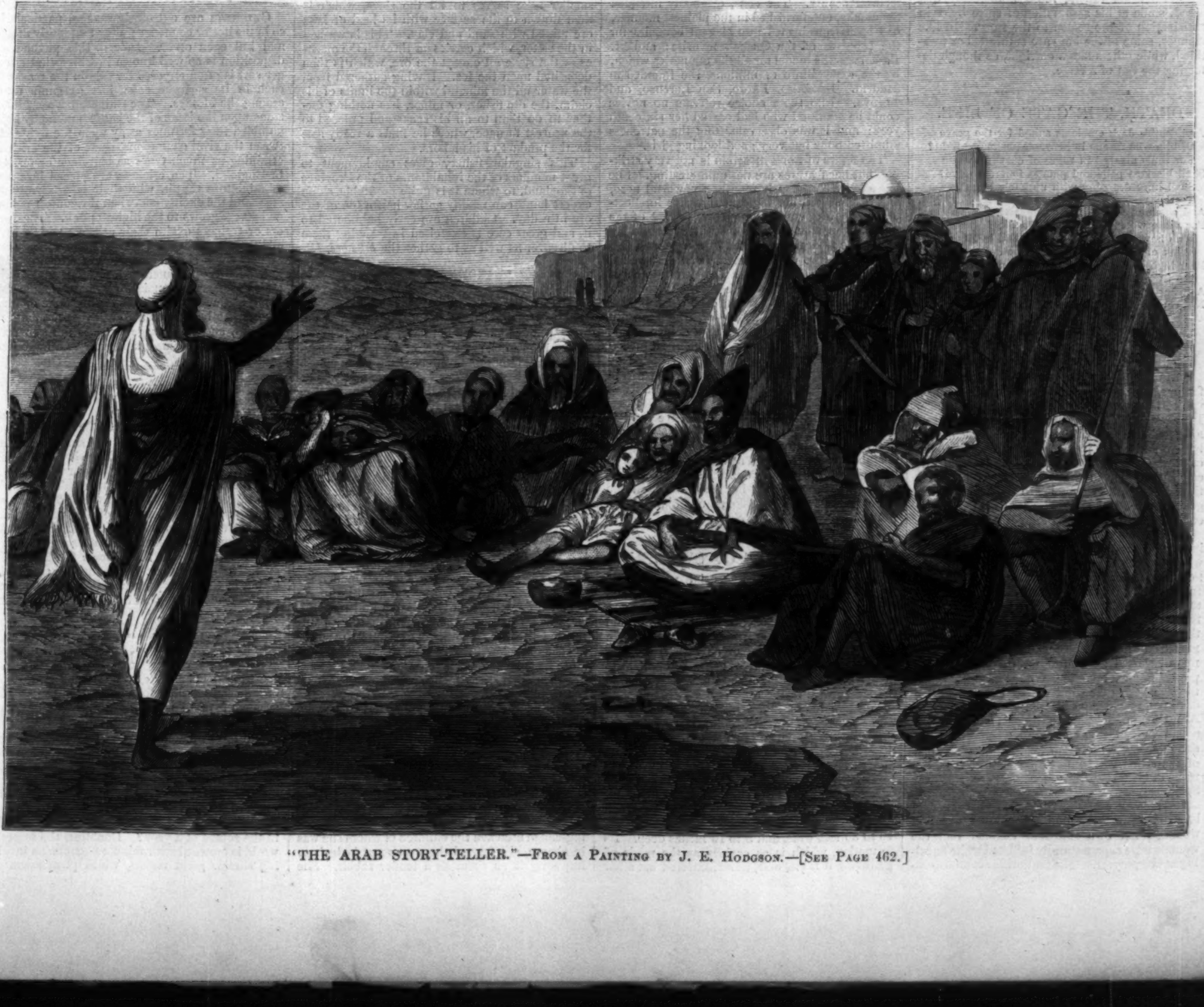
DISTURBANCES IN PARIS—CAVALRY CLEARING THE BOULEVARDS ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 10.

THE DISTURBANCES IN PARIS.

THE elections in France have been attended with unusual turbulence in Paris and in some other of the more populous cities. That is, there have been street riots, repeated for successive nights. The Government could not regard these disturbances as insignificant, following, as they have, a general election in which the Opposition has polled not far from half the votes of all adult Frenchmen. The Emperor, when he heard the result of the elections, is reported to have said: "Well, at last we are face to face with the revolution, and I know how to deal with it!" Still there has really been no revolution.

To put down these disturbances the authorities of Paris employed the civil force until it was overtasked, when they gave it an impregnable military base, upon which the sergents de ville might retreat in case of need, and whence they might issue, as a cloud of skirmishers, to effect arrests. The cavalry swept the people out of the most crowded of the boulevards and streets, but without using their weapons. The consequence was that every body who shrank from a fresh revolution, but whose restless curiosity had impelled him to mingle with the multitude, took heart to encourage law and order by acclamations of loyalty and active assistance. The cuirassiers, as they patrolled the streets, were greeted with cheers; and cries of "Down with the rioters!" succeeded those of "Down with the Empire!"

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that, had the sergents de ville allowed the natural effervescence resulting from the election to find vent in a few cries, all Paris would



"THE ARAB STORY-TELLER."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. HODGSON.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

have gone quietly to bed by one o'clock. Instead of this they continually charged the utterly inoffensive crowds on the Boulevards, knocked over the people who were sitting outside the cafés, and showed no consideration for women and children. The *Temps* says that the court-yard in which its office and that of the *Rappel* and *France* are situated, having attracted a large number of persons, drawn there by a very natural curiosity, was suddenly invaded by a swarm of police agents, though the place was private property, and every body was turned out with extreme brutality. An old man was knocked down, it adds, by one of these "rioters in uniform," and narrowly escaped being crushed to death under the wheels of a cart.

The riots continued during the week commencing June 7. On the night of the 9th it is estimated that about 20,000 persons were assembled in the streets. Our illustration on page 461 represents the cavalry clearing the Boulevards on the night of the 10th. Five hundred arrests were made. Our late advices from Paris report the arrest of M. Henri Rochefort, of *La Lanterne* notoriety, and who has been most active in exciting popular tumult.

On the 11th order was so far restored that the Emperor and Empress drove in an open carriage along the entire length of the Boulevards without escort of any kind. So much may be accomplished by force. But how long?

"THE ARAB STORY-TELLER."

It is needless to say that the art of more or less fictitious narrative is every where cultivated throughout the East, and among the allied nations of the northern sea-board of Africa. Even in Southern Italy and Spain the improvisatore may not unfrequently be heard declaiming to an excited audience. It is natural this should be so among people to the mass of whom literature and the newspaper are unknown. The wandering life of the Arab tribes, and the fervid Arabian fancy, are eminently conducive to success in the art, and the "Thousand and One Nights" remains for all time as a splendid monument of the genius of Arabian fictitious narrative. From the reader's acquaintance with that exhaustless storehouse of fancy he may readily imagine the kind of tale which the Arab story-teller in our illustration on page 461 is relating with so much animation, and with occasional emphasis of a tap on his tambourine or tom-tom. The subject of this picture is derived from observations made by Mr. Hodgson during a residence last winter in North Africa. The scene is laid outside the walls of Tangiers, and the distinctive costumes and strong individuality which characterize the different types of nationality represented in the circle of listeners testify to study "on the spot." Then the expressions are discriminated with equal nicety, according to age and character. The aged sheik listens quite impassively; some of the sterner of the men of middle age also preserve their gravity, or are swayed seriously by the dramatic, passionate descriptions of the speaker; while others, more humorously disposed, smile at his assumption of sincerity or in anticipation of the sequel to the story. In like manner, some of the boys are enthralled or mystified, while others laugh outright, as though detecting the fun of a farce.

DEATH, THE GATE OF LIFE.

Are death's dark emblems suited for the grave
  Of him who dwells in heaven's unclouded light?
  For souls arrayed in robes of dazzling white
Shall blackest palls and plumes funereal wave?
  Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,
  Torches reversed whose flame is quenched in night,
And columns shattered our compassion crave
For those whom Christ by death did fully save—
  Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His sight
  Drink of the fountain of supreme delight?
Rear high the shaft, *new life* thereon engrave!
  Turn up the torch, it never burnt so bright!
A richer hue and scent the lily gives—
Not till the Christian dies he fully lives!

Newman Hall.

SOR PATROCINIO.

This strange woman, whose name has become famous, or rather infamous, over the civilized world, is now verging on seventy years of age. In very early youth Maria Raphaele Quiroga was admitted as a pensioner into the convent of Caballero de Gracias in Madrid, the most dissolute of all those vile abodes. So detestable did this convent become in the eyes of the Madrelaños that, in 1835, they demolished the building, the graves were opened, the corpses torn from their coffins, and the nuns sent to another convent.

In November of the same year, 1835, proceedings were instituted against Senorita Quiroga, who was then for the first time brought to public notice under the conventual name of Sor Patrocinio. She was charged with fraud in pretending to perform miracles; and, strange as it reads now of the devoted adherent of Isabella the ex-Queen, the judge who immediately commenced the prosecution demanded by the Government reported soon after, as the result of the preliminary examination, "that she had claimed to have been taken out of her convent by the devil, who conducted her to the road leading to Aranjuez, and told her that Maria Christina was a bad woman in every respect, and that her daughter must not rule over Spain." The gist of the crime consisting in her assertion, in the name of God, that Isabella would never rule over Spain.

In the course of the trial other charges were brought against the nun. One, that she had wounded her own side and claimed that the wounds were supernaturally inflicted while kneeling at her prayers. The authorities commissioned two distinguished physicians to examine these singular wounds. They found, of course, that they had been caused by artificial means, and that as soon as these artificial means were removed the wounds healed speedily.

The Court found her guilty, and sentenced her to be removed, "with all due consideration to her calling and position," to another nunnery situated "at least" forty leagues from the capital.

After her removal from Madrid Sor Patrocinio devoted herself entirely to the cause of Don Carlos, and continued her fraudulent practices. Foolish and fanatical, like so many members of the Bourbon family, Don Carlos attached more importance to the letters the nun wrote to him, and to the advice which she gave him, than to the strategic plans of his Commander-in-chief, Zumalacarregui.

But the Carlists were unsuccessful, and Sor Patrocinio passed over to the theocratic party at the Court of Isabella.

The nun was astute and far-sighted. She, with the assistance of the Bishop of Pampeluna, attached herself to the cause of Don Francisco, the aspirant and subsequently the successful candidate for the hand of the young Queen Isabella. She persuaded the King that she could bring his mother out of purgatory to advise and guide him; indeed she pretended to have herself made several trips to that uncomfortable place to bring word from his lamented parent. At one of the frequently recurring revolutions in the palace, Narvaez being in power, both King and nun were exiled; but they soon returned, when the latter obtained more influence than ever.

Hitherto Sor Patrocinio had taken pains only to influence the King Consort, but henceforth she attached herself more closely to the Queen; and, emboldened by her success in frauds, she attempted higher flights. She succeeded in causing the statue of Christ in St. Francis's Church to be covered with bloody sweat as a mark of His disapprobation of the policy pursued by Spain. Such things had often been accomplished before. But how can we account for the Queen carrying her faith so far in the supernatural powers of Sor Patrocinio as to allow the designing nun to persuade her to wear only such *camisas* as Sor Patrocinio had already had on her body for twenty-four hours.

Sor Patrocinio was still nominally a nun, but she never resided permanently in a cloister after the Queen's marriage. She came and went like any other untrammeled lady from Rome to Spain, and back from Spain to Rome. She defied the law that had exiled her forever from Madrid; in that city she always rode through the streets in a royal equipage drawn by four mules, two other carriages following it, and an escort of honor accompanying her. When she did reside at the Convent of St. Pascal, half a dozen carts, bearing the royal coat of arms, could be seen every Monday unloading at the cloister gate the most expensive delicacies of Spain and foreign countries. It was the weekly royal contribution to the nun's kitchen.

This nunnery of St. Pascal at Aranjuez is a large building without any pretensions to architectural beauty. The cells, originally intended for monks, and furnished in the plainest manner, had been transformed into elegant boudoirs for the protégés of the Queen's favorite; and St. Pascal was the model for all the nunneries which, by the expenditure of millions, she founded in Madrid. Ildefonso, Pardo, San Lorenzo, and Loroya. Into these choice retreats no novice could be admitted who had passed her sixteenth year; and it was observable that the patroness admitted none but very good-looking girls.

The figure of Sor Patrocinio is not very striking, but her features are not uninteresting. She has a large but shapely mouth, a powerful nose, and deep-seated but highly expressive intellectual eyes. Her costume is similar to that of the nuns in the convents she instituted, consisting of a white tunic, surmounted by a cape, and fastened round the waist by means of the so-called seraplin string, to which a rosary is attached. Another rosary adorns the breast, and contains a medal made of gilt brass. The cloak is blue and adorned with another medal, which is worn on white silken ground, on the shoulder. The head-dress is very large, with a long veil attached to it. Her feet are bare, or only protected by hempen sandals. She resembles an apparition from past ages, with energy and fanaticism stamped on her face.

She accompanied Isabella to France, and is now engaged in introducing the beautiful feather flower-work into the convents of Paris and the neighborhood. As Sor Patrocinio is reported to be a great favorite of Pope Pius, it is not improbable that, some day, her death may add one more to the lengthy catalogue of Saints in the Romish Church. *Quien Sabe?*

ORE FISHERIES OF SWEDEN.

Among the various industrial pursuits of Northern Europe none are more singular than the lake fisheries of Sweden that take place usually in January, or about mid-winter, and in which the fishers are miners and the fish a species of iron ore known as *lake ore*. This mineral, which is held in great estimation in Sweden and Prussia, and extensively used in these countries in the arts, is the direct product of a small insect inhabiting various lakes and water-courses of Sweden, but principally in the south, or the Province of Smaland. It is found deposited upon clay or sandy bottoms, in deep and still waters, either in the lakes or at the bend of rivers, where the water outside of the current is still or eddies slowly. Upon being removed it is quickly reproduced, and always upon the same beds, in layers, sometimes 650 feet long, 16 to 30 feet wide, and 8 to 10 inches deep. Its formation, which is as curious as the mode of gathering it is singular, was discovered but a few years ago by a Swedish naturalist, M. Spogreen, who has written a very interesting paper upon the subject. The waters of a lake near which he was residing became very low, and he was enabled to follow with the eye the formation of a layer of ore that was thus exposed. The bed, or bottom of the lake, was indeed almost entirely dry, but there still remained depressions from six inches to a yard in diameter, filled with water, and swarming with the infusory producers of the iron, some of them visible to the naked eye, and others so small they could only be discovered with the aid of the microscope. All were busily at work inclosing themselves in metallic tombs, somewhat in the manner the caterpillar wraps himself up in his cocoon. The work appeared to be systematically performed as follows: The little insect designed the form of the metallic grain in which he was about to entomb himself in a net-work of fine black filaments, an open space being left in the centre for him to operate in. Then, from his position in the centre, he fastened rapidly to the filaments of the shell rays of a brownish color, closing them about him with a wonderful dexterity, until his work assumed the appearance of a frog's egg, except that the color was brown. These globules were formed with great rapidity, and thousands of them grew under the curious beholder's eye. If one of them, before it was completed, was taken in the hand with a little water, the insect could be seen working very distinctly; but if the water were shaken or drained slowly off, the partially formed grain fell down in a flat mass, in which were seen a few feeble movements, and then all was still and without life. These flat masses are often found in the lakes in great abundance, and are called, from their shape, *money ore*. The globules, or grains of metal, are not all of the same size, but are proportioned to the insect, for whom they serve as tombs. The fishery, or gathering of the metal, commences about the end of autumn, when the lakes in that country are already covered with ice from two to three inches thick. Then the fishers, choosing the spots upon the lake where the waters are supposed to be deepest, cut small holes in the ice, through which are passed long poles. With these the bottom is felt, and the ferruginous deposit discovered by the sound of the mineral as it is struck, or by the fragments brought to the surface. A layer of the ore having been discovered its limits are marked by means of branches and twigs stuck in the ice, and the space thus circumscribed by the fortunate discoverer becomes his own legal property, upon which no other can make researches until the end of winter. The different claims being staked out, all further operations are postponed until a few months later, when the ice becomes very thick and strong. Then the fishing commences in earnest. Each one seeks his claim, and begins by cutting a hole of about a yard in diameter in the ice, through which he passes to the bottom of the lake a large sieve attached to a pole cut long enough for the purpose; then, with a large rake, he gathers into a heap immediately underneath him all the mineral he can reach. A smaller rake serves to fill the sieve, which is then drawn to the surface with its load of lake ore mixed with sand and clay. This is washed in the water, which carries off through the meshes of the sieve all except the ore, which is then deposited upon the ice. Having gathered from the water all the mineral within the limits of his claim, the ore fisher, or miner, has nothing further to do than to fill his sacks and proceed to the nearest furnace, where he finds a ready sale for the product of his labors.

This singular fishery gives employment to great numbers of the inhabitants of the Province of Smaland, to whom it is quite profitable, as an expert hand can readily gather half a ton of the ore in a day. Children are early habituated to it, and great care is exercised in teaching them to discover as well as to gather the *lake ore*.

CURATIVE POWERS OF ANIMALS.

One William Ellis published a curious book in 1750, in which we find this charm for the cure of the king's evil: "A girl at Gaddesden, having the evil in her feet from her infancy, at eleven years old lost one of her toes by it, and was so bad she could hardly walk. A beggar-woman coming to the door, and hearing of it, said, that if they would cut off the hind-leg, and the fore-leg on the contrary side of that, of a toad, and she wear them in a silken bag about her neck, it would certainly cure her; but it was to be observed that, on the toad's losing its legs, it was to be turned loose abroad, and as it pined, wasted, and died, the distemper would likewise waste and die; which happened accordingly, for the girl was entirely cured by it, never having had the evil afterward."

In various parts of Scotland the following barbarous expedient is even now had recourse to for children infected with worms: a quantity of the common garden-worm is collected and tied in a cloth bag, and then cruelly submitted to a painful and lingering death, by exposure to the influence of a slow fire, by which they are gradually roasted alive. Their decomposed remains are then applied, as a salve, to the stomach of the child.

A child was suffering from thrush, when its nurse, a Yorkshire woman, procuring a frog, held it for a time to the mouth of the child, that the creature might imbibe the ailment, and leave its own health in exchange. The same practitioner had herself occasional attacks of cramp, in anticipation of which she kept a supply of spiders in a pill-box, swallowing one whenever she was threatened with the suffering. When the hooping-cough attacked the children of whom she was in charge, she feasted them on roast hedgehog, imposing it on them as a tender rabbit. She also borrowed a piebald horse; and having had it brought into the yard, carried each of the afflicted children out in succession, wrapped in a blanket, and passed them thrice under the animal's belly. These attempts being unsuccessful, each child was condemned to wear a hairy caterpillar in a bag round its neck.

In Lancashire, and some of the adjoining counties, the following practice is prevalent for curing warts: steal a piece of meat from a butcher's shop or from his tray, and after having well rubbed the parts affected with the purloined meat, bury it under a gateway or in any secluded spot. If this be done so secretly as to escape detection, as the meat decays, so will the warts disappear. In order to get rid of a "sty on the eye," it is customary for the sufferer, on the first night of the new moon, to procure the tail of a black cat, and after pulling from it one hair, rub the tip *nine* times over the pustule.

The right fore-foot of a hare worn constantly in the pocket is deemed an excellent amulet against "the rheumatiz." A very common charm resorted to for the cure of that painful disorder the cramp consists in wearing about the person the patella of a sheep or lamb, popularly known as the "cramp-bone." It is to be worn as near the skin as possible, and at night it must be laid under the pillow.

In Germany the tongue of the capercaile is considered by many an excellent preservative against the pains of dentition. Sewn up in a little bag, it is hung round the infant's neck.

Among the Swiss it was generally believed that a few drops of the blood of the steinbock poured into a glass of wine and taken before going to bed, produced immediately a violent perspiration, and cured all sorts of diseases. The very ball with which he was shot had its use; for water into which it was dipped acquired valuable medicinal properties. The *gems*-ball, a sort of bezoar or morbid secretion, sometimes found in the stomach of this animal, was used as a medicine. It used to sell for its weight in gold.

The horn of the stag was long supposed to possess great medicinal virtues, especially the right or off horn, which, it was said, was rarely found, and consequently was the more highly prized. Michael Drayton, in a note to his description of a stag-hunt, says that "the hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine." Deer-horns, when in the "velvet," are eagerly bought by the Chinese, being esteemed a valuable medicament.

Among the Turkomans the horns and hoofs of the goat are burned to ashes, and are then employed for the galled places on camels. The blood of a goat was once thought a sovereign remedy for the stone. The goat was fed with "saxifragous herbs, and such as were conceived of power to break the stone." The blood of a goat, when fresh and warm, had the property, it was supposed, of making soft the diamond, the hardest of all stones. The gall of a bear is valued by the Chinese at its weight in gold.

FIGHTING CRICKETS.

Crickets are extremely savage, particularly so in the hotter countries; they frequently attack and kill each other. Indeed, this pugnacious disposition is so well known in China that a larger sort is often exposed for sale in the markets, each in its separate cage, just as game fowls among the Malays. The Chinese bet very large sums upon the issue of the battle, and many have gambled their fortunes away upon the fights between the rival champions, some of the crickets attaining as much fame as bull-dogs or terriers in England. The crickets are placed in a sort of miniature rat-pit, with their respective backers; and the excitement when the contest is long and severe grows to the highest pitch. The owners or trainers excite their crickets with a little stick, though they scarcely need it, for as soon as they catch sight of each other they are ready for the fray—advancing, attacking, and biting their adversary, the noise of their jaws and claws being distinctly heard. Sometimes one of these insects has been known to kill vast numbers of enemies, and bring large fortunes to its owners. They are easily tamed, and grow to a large size.

HONG-KONG.

This small island, only nine miles in length by eight miles in breadth, which was inhabited by a few Chinese fishermen and smugglers when taken possession of by the British, in 1841, has grown in the lapse of a quarter of a century to be a place of great importance. The population in 1868 was 115,000, of which 29,459 were females: this is exclusive of the military and naval forces, but inclusive of 2113 European and American civil residents. *Imports* for 1866 were $273,065,000; and the *exports* $162,961,475, exclusive of treasure. The foreign trade with China in the same year was $470,000,000, and of that trade the share of Great Britain amounted to $357,500,000.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

There has hardly ever been such an instance of important results following from the investigation of minute and apparently unimportant phenomena as Fraunhofer's lines afford. Who would have thought that the fact of there being some dark lines across a ray of light, when dispersed by the prism, should be the means of discovering the constitution of the stellar bodies, and should have proved with almost certainty that Sirius has a proper motion of its own to the extent of one hundred and forty millions of miles in the course of a year? Doubtless the material world is crowded with minute phenomena involving similar great results, which phenomena we pass by with unregarding eyes every day of our lives. How Lord Bacon would have rejoiced to see such a grand result as that above alluded to, of which the basis was the observation and recording of this minute phenomenon by the German optician!

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine eleven years for all sorts of family sewing, from the very coarsest—even carpet-binding—to the finest worn by women, and requiring No. 300 cotton. It gives me still entire satisfaction, and I can not too highly recommend it to others as a family comfort. Solely from my appreciation of your machine above all others, I have been the means of selling more than a hundred of them. Mrs. C. Slaughter.

Dover, Del.

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Are the teeth to which Sozodont is daily applied. And no wonder—for the *Quillay Saponaria*, or Bark of the Chilian Soap-Tree, which is one of its components, is used in South America for removing spots from white silks without injuring the fabric. Of all preservatives and antiseptics it is, according to the famous French botanists and chemists, Fleury and Chalard, the most potent and the most harmless.

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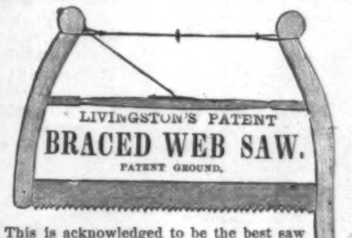
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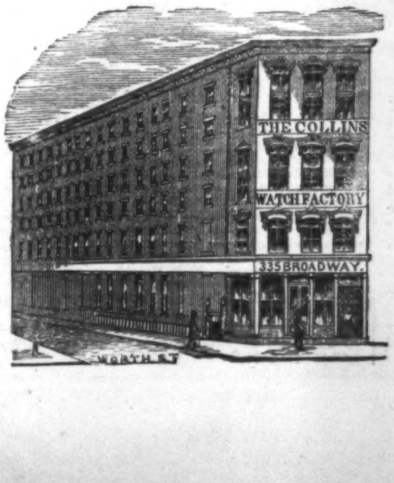

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have gone quietly to bed by one o'clock. Instead of this they continually charged the utterly inoffensive crowds on the Boulevards, knocked over the people who were sitting outside the cafés, and showed no consideration for women and children. The *Temps* says that the court-yard in which its office and that of the *Rappel* and *France* are situated, having attracted a large number of persons, drawn there by a very natural curiosity, was suddenly invaded by a swarm of police agents, though the place was private property, and every body was turned out with extreme brutality. An old man was knocked down, it adds, by one of these "rioters in uniform," and narrowly escaped being crushed to death under the wheels of a cart.

The riots continued during the week commencing June 7. On the night of the 9th it is estimated that about 20,000 persons were assembled in the streets. Our illustration on page 461 represents the cavalry clearing the Boulevards on the night of the 10th. Five hundred arrests were made. Our late advices from Paris report the arrest of M. Henri Rochefort, of *La Lanterne* notoriety, and who has been most active in exciting popular tumult.

On the 11th order was so far restored that the Emperor and Empress drove in an open carriage along the entire length of the Boulevards without escort of any kind. So much may be accomplished by force. But how long?

"THE ARAB STORY-TELLER."

It is needless to say that the art of more or less fictitious narrative is every where cultivated throughout the East, and among the allied nations of the northern sea-board of Africa. Even in Southern Italy and Spain the improvisatore may not unfrequently be heard declaiming to an excited audience. It is natural this should be so among people to the mass of whom literature and the newspaper are unknown. The wandering life of the Arab tribes, and the fervid Arabian fancy, are eminently conducive to success in the art, and the "Thousand and One Nights" remains for all time as a splendid monument of the genius of Arabian fictitious narrative. From the reader's acquaintance with that exhaustless store-house of fancy he may readily imagine the kind of tale which the Arab story-teller in our illustration on page 461 is relating with so much animation, and with occasional emphasis of a tap on his tambourine or tom-tom. The subject of this picture is derived from observations made by Mr. Hodgson during a residence last winter in North Africa. The scene is laid outside the walls of Tangiers, and the distinctive costumes and strong individuality which characterize the different types of nationality represented in the circle of listeners testify to study "on the spot." Then the expressions are discriminated with equal nicety, according to age and character. The aged sheik listens quite impassively; some of the sterner of the men of middle age also preserve their gravity, or are swayed seriously by the dramatic, passionate descriptions of the speaker; while others, more humorously disposed, smile at his assumption of sincerity or in anticipation of the sequel to the story. In like manner, some of the boys are enthralled or mystified, while others laugh outright, as though detecting the fun of a farce.

DEATH, THE GATE OF LIFE.

Are death's dark emblems suited for the grave
Of him who dwells in heaven's unclouded light?
For souls arrayed in robes of dazzling white
Shall blackest palls and plumes funereal wave?
Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,
Torches reversed whose flame is quenched in night,
And columns shattered our compassion crave
For those whom Christ by death did fully save—
Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His sight
Drink of the fountain of supreme delight?
Rear high the shaft, *new life* thereon engrave!
Turn up the torch, it never burnt so bright!
A richer hue and scent the lily gives—
Not till the Christian dies he fully lives!

Newman Hall.

SOR PATROCINIO.

This strange woman, whose name has become famous, or rather infamous, over the civilized world, is now verging on seventy years of age. In very early youth Maria Raphaele Quiroga was admitted as a pensioner into the convent of Caballero de Gracias in Madrid, the most dissolute of all those vile abodes. So detestable did this convent become in the eyes of the Madrelaños that, in 1835, they demolished the building, the graves were opened, the corpses torn from their coffins, and the nuns sent to another convent.

In November of the same year, 1835, proceedings were instituted against Senorita Quiroga, who was then for the first time brought to public notice under the conventual name of Sor Patrocinio. She was charged with fraud in pretending to perform miracles; and, strange as it reads now of the devoted adherent of Isabella the ex-Queen, the judge who immediately commenced the prosecution demanded by the Government reported soon after, as the result of the preliminary examination, "that she had claimed to have been taken out of her convent by the devil, who conducted her to the road leading to Aranjuez, and told her that Maria Christina was a bad woman in every respect, and that her daughter must not rule over Spain." The gist of the crime consisting in her assertion, in the name of God, that Isabella would never rule over Spain.

In the course of the trial other charges were brought against the nun. One, that she had wounded her own side and claimed that the wounds were supernaturally inflicted while kneeling at her prayers. The authorities commissioned two distinguished physicians to examine these singular wounds. They found, of course, that they had been caused by artificial means, and that as soon as these artificial means were removed the wounds healed speedily.

The Court found her guilty, and sentenced her to be removed, "with all due consideration to her calling and position," to another nunnery situated "at least" forty leagues from the capital.

After her removal from Madrid Sor Patrocinio devoted herself entirely to the cause of Don Carlos, and continued her fraudulent practices. Foolish and fanatical, like so many members of the Bourbon family, Don Carlos attached more importance to the letters the nun wrote to him, and to the advice which she gave him, than to the strategic plans of his Commander-in-chief, Zumalacarregui.

But the Carlists were unsuccessful, and Sor Patrocinio passed over to the theocratic party at the Court of Isabella.

The nun was astute and far-sighted. She, with the assistance of the Bishop of Pampeluna, attached herself to the cause of Don Francisco, the aspirant and subsequently the successful candidate for the hand of the young Queen Isabella. She persuaded the King that she could bring his mother out of purgatory to advise and guide him; indeed she pretended to have herself made several trips to that uncomfortable place to bring word from his lamented parent. At one of the frequently recurring revolutions in the palace, Narvaez being in power, both King and nun were exiled; but they soon returned, when the latter obtained more influence than ever.

Hitherto Sor Patrocinio had taken pains only to influence the King Consort, but henceforth she attached herself more closely to the Queen; and, emboldened by her success in frauds, she attempted higher flights. She succeeded in causing the statue of Christ in St. Francis's Church to be covered with bloody sweat as a mark of His disapprobation of the policy pursued by Spain. Such things had often been accomplished before. But how can we account for the Queen carrying her faith so far in the supernatural powers of Sor Patrocinio as to allow the designing nun to persuade her to wear only such *camisas* as Sor Patrocinio had already had on her body for twenty-four hours.

Sor Patrocinio was still nominally a nun, but she never resided permanently in a cloister after the Queen's marriage. She came and went like any other untrammeled lady from Rome to Spain, and back from Spain to Rome. She defied the law that had exiled her forever from Madrid; in that city she always rode through the streets in a royal equipage drawn by four mules, two other carriages following it, and an escort of honor accompanying her. When she did reside at the Convent of St. Pascal, half a dozen carts, bearing the royal coat of arms, could be seen every Monday unloading at the cloister gate the most expensive delicacies of Spain and foreign countries. It was the weekly royal contribution to the nun's kitchen.

This nunnery of St. Pascal at Aranjuez is a large building without any pretensions to architectural beauty. The cells, originally intended for monks, and furnished in the plainest manner, had been transformed into elegant boudoirs for the protégés of the Queen's favorite; and St. Pascal was the model for all the nunneries which, by the expenditure of millions, she founded in Madrid. Ildefonso, Pardo, San Lorenzo, and Loroya. Into these choice retreats no novice could be admitted who had passed her sixteenth year; and it was observable that the patroness admitted none but very good-looking girls.

The figure of Sor Patrocinio is not very striking, but her features are not uninteresting. She has a large but shapely mouth, a powerful nose, and deep-seated but highly expressive intellectual eyes. Her costume is similar to that of the nuns in the convents she instituted, consisting of a white tunic, surmounted by a cape, and fastened round the waist by means of the so-called seraplin string, to which a rosary is attached. Another rosary adorns the breast, and contains a medal made of gilt brass. The cloak is blue and adorned with another medal, which is worn on white silken ground, on the shoulder. The head-dress is very large, with a long veil attached to it. Her feet are bare, or only protected by hempen sandals. She resembles an apparition from past ages, with energy and fanaticism stamped on her face.

She accompanied Isabella to France, and is now engaged in introducing the beautiful feather flower-work into the convents of Paris and the neighborhood. As Sor Patrocinio is reported to be a great favorite of Pope Pius, it is not improbable that, some day, her death may add one more to the lengthy catalogue of Saints in the Romish Church. *Quien Sabe?*

ORE FISHERIES OF SWEDEN.

Among the various industrial pursuits of Northern Europe none are more singular than the lake fisheries of Sweden that take place usually in January, or about mid-winter, and in which the fishers are miners and the fish a species of iron ore known as *lake ore*. This mineral, which is held in great estimation in Sweden and Prussia, and extensively used in these countries in the arts, is the direct product of a small insect inhabiting various lakes and water-courses of Sweden, but principally in the south, or the Province of Smaland. It is found deposited upon clay or sandy bottoms, in deep and still waters, either in the lakes or at the bend of rivers, where the water outside of the current is still or eddies slowly. Upon being removed it is quickly reproduced, and always upon the same beds, in layers, sometimes 650 feet long, 16 to 30 feet wide, and 8 to 10 inches deep. Its formation, which is as curious as the mode of gathering it is singular, was discovered but a few years ago by a Swedish naturalist, M. Spogreen, who has written a very interesting paper upon the subject. The waters of a lake near which he was residing became very low, and he was enabled to follow with the eye the formation of a layer of ore that was thus exposed. The bed, or bottom of the lake, was indeed almost entirely dry, but there still remained depressions from six inches to a yard in diameter, filled with water, and swarming with the infusory producers of the iron, some of them visible to the naked eye, and others so small they could only be discovered with the aid of the microscope. All were busily at work inclosing themselves in metallic tombs, somewhat in the manner the caterpillar wraps himself up in his cocoon. The work appeared to be systematically performed as follows: The little insect designed the form of the metallic grain in which he was about to entomb himself in a net-work of fine black filaments, an open space being left in the centre for him to operate in. Then, from his position in the centre, he fastened rapidly to the filaments of the shell rays of a brownish color, closing them about him with a wonderful dexterity, until his work assumed the appearance of a frog's egg, except that the color was brown. These globules were formed with great rapidity, and thousands of them grew under the curious beholder's eye. If one of them, before it was completed, was taken in the hand with a little water, the insect could be seen working very distinctly; but if the water were shaken or drained slowly off, the partially formed grain fell down in a flat mass, in which were seen a few feeble movements, and then all was still and without life. These flat masses are often found in the lakes in great abundance, and are called, from their shape, *money ore*. The globules, or grains of metal, are not all of the same size, but are proportioned to the insect, for whom they serve as tombs. The fishery, or gathering of the metal, commences about the end of autumn, when the lakes in that country are already covered with ice from two to three inches thick. Then the fishers, choosing the spots upon the lake where the waters are supposed to be deepest, cut small holes in the ice, through which are passed long poles. With these the bottom is felt, and the ferruginous deposit discovered by the sound of the mineral as it is struck, or by the fragments brought to the surface. A layer of the ore having been discovered its limits are marked by means of branches and twigs stuck in the ice, and the space thus circumscribed by the fortunate discoverer becomes his own legal property, upon which no other can make researches until the end of winter. The different claims being staked out, all further operations are postponed until a few months later, when the ice becomes very thick and strong. Then the fishing commences in earnest. Each one seeks his claim, and begins by cutting a hole of about a yard in diameter in the ice, through which he passes to the bottom of the lake a large sieve attached to a pole cut long enough for the purpose; then, with a large rake, he gathers into a heap immediately underneath him all the mineral he can reach. A smaller rake serves to fill the sieve, which is then drawn to the surface with its load of lake ore mixed with sand and clay. This is washed in the water, which carries off through the meshes of the sieve all except the ore, which is then deposited upon the ice. Having gathered from the water all the mineral within the limits of his claim, the ore fisher, or miner, has nothing further to do than to fill his sacks and proceed to the nearest furnace, where he finds a ready sale for the product of his labors.

This singular fishery gives employment to great numbers of the inhabitants of the Province of Smaland, to whom it is quite profitable, as an expert hand can readily gather half a ton of the ore in a day. Children are early habituated to it, and great care is exercised in teaching them to discover as well as to gather the *lake ore*.

CURATIVE POWERS OF ANIMALS.

One William Ellis published a curious book in 1750, in which we find this charm for the cure of the king's evil: "A girl at Gaddesden, having the evil in her feet from her infancy, at eleven years old lost one of her toes by it, and was so bad she could hardly walk. A beggar-woman coming to the door, and hearing of it, said, that if they would cut off the hind-leg, and the fore-leg on the contrary side of that, of a toad, and she wear them in a silken bag about her neck, it would certainly cure her; but it was to be observed that, on the toad's losing its legs, it was to be turned loose abroad, and as it pined, wasted, and died, the distemper would likewise waste and die; which happened accordingly, for the girl was entirely cured by it, never having had the evil afterward."

In various parts of Scotland the following barbarous expedient is even now had recourse to for children infected with worms: a quantity of the common garden-worm is collected and tied in a cloth bag, and then cruelly submitted to a painful and lingering death, by exposure to the influence of a slow fire, by which they are gradually roasted alive. Their decomposed remains are then applied, as a salve, to the stomach of the child.

A child was suffering from thrush, when its nurse, a Yorkshire woman, procuring a frog, held it for a time to the mouth of the child, that the creature might imbibe the ailment, and leave its own health in exchange. The same practitioner had herself occasional attacks of cramp, in anticipation of which she kept a supply of spiders in a pill-box, swallowing one whenever she was threatened with the suffering. When the hooping-cough attacked the children of whom she was in charge, she feasted them on roast hedgehog, imposing it on them as a tender rabbit. She also borrowed a piebald horse; and having had it brought into the yard, carried each of the afflicted children out in succession, wrapped in a blanket, and passed them thrice under the animal's belly. These attempts being unsuccessful, each child was condemned to wear a hairy caterpillar in a bag round its neck.

In Lancashire, and some of the adjoining counties, the following practice is prevalent for curing warts: steal a piece of meat from a butcher's shop or from his tray, and after having well rubbed the parts affected with the purloined meat, bury it under a gateway or in any secluded spot. If this be done so secretly as to escape detection, as the meat decays, so will the warts disappear. In order to get rid of a "sty on the eye," it is customary for the sufferer, on the first night of the new moon, to procure the tail of a black cat, and after pulling from it one hair, rub the tip *nine* times over the pustule.

The right fore-foot of a hare worn constantly in the pocket is deemed an excellent amulet against "the rheumatiz." A very common charm resorted to for the cure of that painful disorder the cramp consists in wearing about the person the patella of a sheep or lamb, popularly known as the "cramp-bone." It is to be worn as near the skin as possible, and at night it must be laid under the pillow.

In Germany the tongue of the capercaile is considered by many an excellent preservative against the pains of dentition. Sewn up in a little bag, it is hung round the infant's neck.

Among the Swiss it was generally believed that a few drops of the blood of the steinbock poured into a glass of wine and taken before going to bed, produced immediately a violent perspiration, and cured all sorts of diseases. The very ball with which he was shot had its use; for water into which it was dipped acquired valuable medicinal properties. The *gems*-ball, a sort of bezoar or morbid secretion, sometimes found in the stomach of this animal, was used as a medicine. It used to sell for its weight in gold.

The horn of the stag was long supposed to possess great medicinal virtues, especially the right or off horn, which, it was said, was rarely found, and consequently was the more highly prized. Michael Drayton, in a note to his description of a stag-hunt, says that "the hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine." Deer-horns, when in the "velvet," are eagerly bought by the Chinese, being esteemed a valuable medicament.

Among the Turkomans the horns and hoofs of the goat are burned to ashes, and are then employed for the galled places on camels. The blood of a goat was once thought a sovereign remedy for the stone. The goat was fed with "saxifragous herbs, and such as were conceived of power to break the stone." The blood of a goat, when fresh and warm, had the property, it was supposed, of making soft the diamond, the hardest of all stones. The gall of a bear is valued by the Chinese at its weight in gold.

FIGHTING CRICKETS.

Crickets are extremely savage, particularly so in the hotter countries; they frequently attack and kill each other. Indeed, this pugnacious disposition is so well known in China that a larger sort is often exposed for sale in the markets, each in its separate cage, just as game fowls among the Malays. The Chinese bet very large sums upon the issue of the battle, and many have gambled their fortunes away upon the fights between the rival champions, some of the crickets attaining as much fame as bull-dogs or terriers in England. The crickets are placed in a sort of miniature rat-pit, with their respective backers; and the excitement when the contest is long and severe grows to the highest pitch. The owners or trainers excite their crickets with a little stick, though they scarcely need it, for as soon as they catch sight of each other they are ready for the fray—advancing, attacking, and biting their adversary, the noise of their jaws and claws being distinctly heard. Sometimes one of these insects has been known to kill vast numbers of enemies, and bring large fortunes to its owners. They are easily tamed, and grow to a large size.

HONG-KONG.

This small island, only nine miles in length by eight miles in breadth, which was inhabited by a few Chinese fishermen and smugglers when taken possession of by the British, in 1841, has grown in the lapse of a quarter of a century to be a place of great importance. The population in 1868 was 115,000, of which 29,459 were females: this is exclusive of the military and naval forces, but inclusive of 2113 European and American civil residents. *Imports* for 1866 were $273,065,000; and the *exports* $162,961,475, exclusive of treasure. The foreign trade with China in the same year was $470,000,000, and of that trade the share of Great Britain amounted to $357,500,000.

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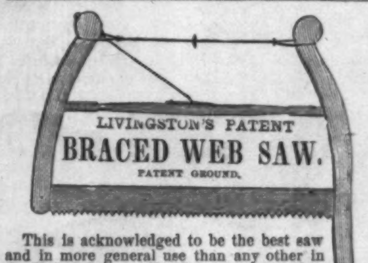
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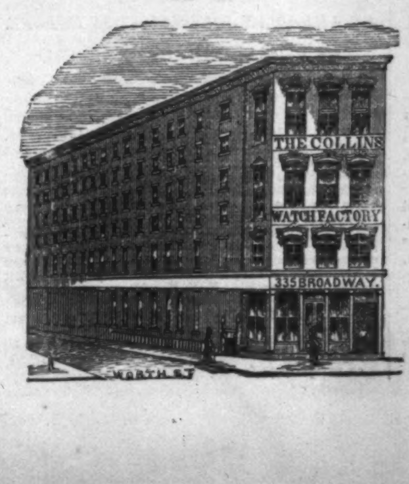

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